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## THE AUTOMOBILE IN COMMON USE.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

### WHAT IT COSTS.—HOW IT IS OPERATED.—WHAT IT WILL DO.

YESTERDAY, a mere mechanical wonder fresh from the hand of the inventor; to-day, a gigantic industry on two continents—that is the history in brief of the motor vehicle. Five years ago there were not thirty self-propelled carriages in practical use in all the world. A year ago there were not thirty in America. And yet between the 1st of January and the 1st of May, 1899, companies with the enormous aggregate capitalization of more than $388,000,000 have been organized in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia for the sole purpose of manufacturing and operating these new vehicles. At least eighty establishments are now actually engaged in building carriages, coaches, tricycles, delivery wagons, and trucks, representing no fewer than 200 different types of vehicles, with nearly half as many methods of propulsion. Most of these concerns are far behind in their orders, and several of them are working day and night. A hundred electric cabs are plying familiarly on the streets of New York, and 200 more are being rushed to completion in order to supply the popular demand for horseless locomotion. At least two score of delivery wagons, propelled chiefly by electricity, are in operation in American cities, and the private conveyances of various makes will number well into the hundreds. A motor ambulance is in operation in Chicago; motor trucks are at work in several different cities; a motor gun-carriage for use in the army will be ready for service in the summer. The Santa Fé railroad has ordered a number of horseless coaches for an Arizona mountain route, and at least two cities are using self-propelled fire-engines. A trip of 720 miles, from Cleveland to New York, over all kinds of country roads, has actually been made in a gasoline carriage, and an enthusiastic automobile traveler is now on his way from New England to San Francisco. And all of these doings are chronicled in a weekly journal devoted exclusively to the new industry.

These are a few of the important things which have been accomplished in America almost within the year. Never before has Yankee genius and enterprise created an important business interest in so short a time. The experimental plaything has become a practical necessary. And yet the motor vehicle in America is in its babyhood compared with what it is in France and England. Here it has hardly passed the stage of promotion and promise; there it has become an established and powerful factor in the common affairs of life, as well as a fashionable fad. France has an automobile club numbering 1,700 members. At its last exhibition 1,100 vehicles were shown, representing every conceivable model, from milk-wagons to fashionable broughams and the huge brakes of De Dion and Bouton, which carry almost as many passengers as a railroad car. Some of the expert *chauffeurs* of Paris have ridden thousands of miles in their road wagons, have climbed mountains and raced through half of Europe, meeting new accidents, facing new adventures, and using strange new devices for which names have yet to be coined. In Paris, electric motor cabs are becoming quite as familiar as the old-fashioned horse cabs. Before the open-

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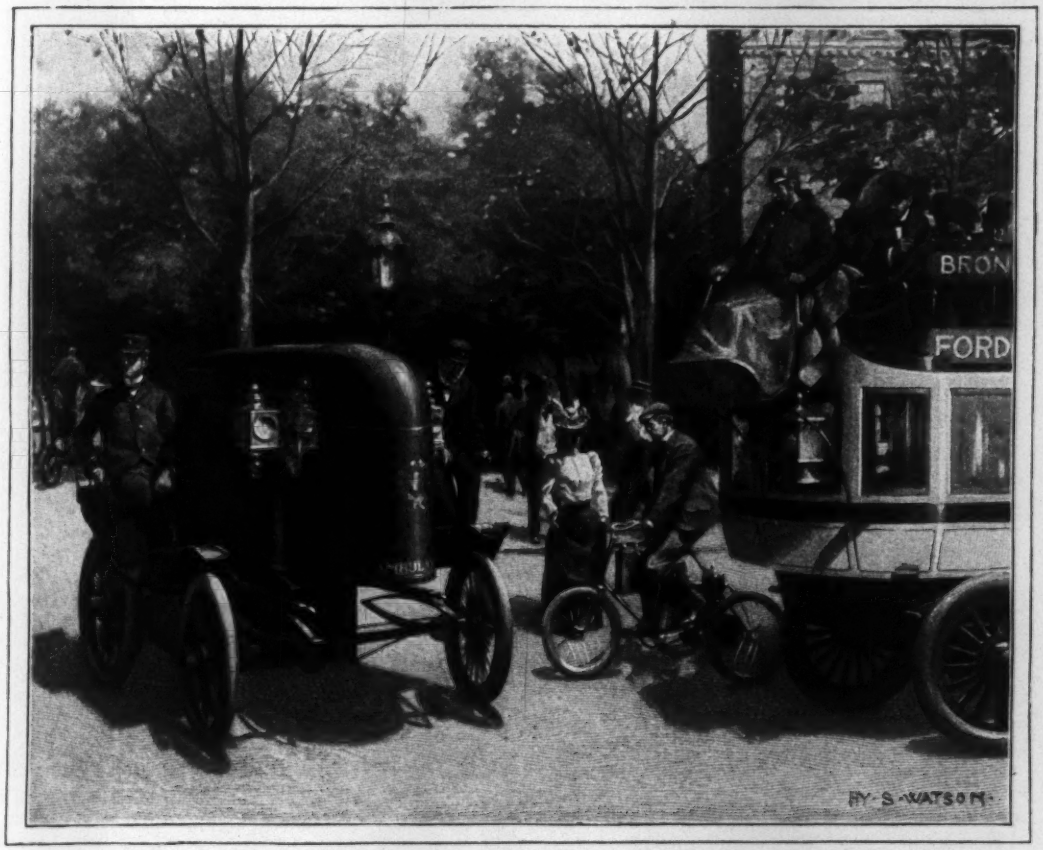
A TYPICAL MOTOR TRUCK. MOTIVE POWER, COMPRESSED AIR.

ing of the Paris Exposition, 1,200 of them will be in operation. In the country districts thousands of grocers, milkmen, market-men, and peddlers are the engineers of their own gasoline carts.

A French statistician has given some significant figures as to the enormous increase of the horse-slaughtering industry in Paris during the past two years, and he lays it largely to the thousands of motor vehicles which are making the horse more valuable for ragouts than for racing. The august French Academy has paused in its consideration of literature and art, to take cognizance of the motor vehicle, and has bestowed upon it the formal name of "automobile," which it expects the entire world to adopt. The French law has quietly absorbed its unfamiliar terms, and has decreed that every vehicle must be registered in its own commune, the same as a horse and carriage; it has laid down formal articles for the regulation of builders and operators, and provided for races and speed limits. The French Minister of War has numbered and described every vehicle in the republic, and has quietly arranged to seize them all for military purposes when France shall go to war. In this way the motor vehicle in France has assumed the settled importance of a governmental institution, as well as a great business industry.

England has not gone so far as France with the automobile, and yet it has several powerful associations devoted to its development, and a large number of vehicles in actual use. With his hard-headed, practical business sense, the Englishman is looking with greater care and interest into the development of the trucking vehicle, for carrying heavy loads, than to the lighter pleasure carriage. He has an eye to the enormous freight-rates of his railroads and to the crowded condition of his narrow streets. One successful exhibition of auto-trucks has already been held in Liverpool, under the auspices of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association, and a second, which is already anticipated with the keenest interest, will take place next August.

In general, France leads in gasoline ve-




MODELS OF THE MOTOR AMBULANCE, MOTOR TRICYCLE, AND MOTOR OMNIBUS NOW COMING INTO USE.

hicles, and England in steam vehicles, while America, as was to be expected, is far in the lead in electrical conveyances of all kinds. Belgium and Germany, and to some extent Austria, are also experimenting with more or less success, but no such progress has been made in these countries as in France. Spain rubbed its eyes last spring at the sight of its first motor vehicle, which rolled through Madrid with half a dozen little policemen careering after it. Indeed, the new industry is everywhere awakening the most extraordinary interest among all classes of people.

And yet the great public is far from feeling familiar with the motor vehicle. The prospective buyer, and there are many thousands of him in America, is at once confronted with the bewildering variety of models which the manufacturers place before him. He discovers that there are the most pronounced variations in price, cost of maintenance, speed, ease of management, and general efficiency.

It was with the idea of clearing up this confusion and giving some exact conception of what the motor vehicle of to-day really is, what it can do, what it costs, and what may be expected of it in the future, that I visited and talked with a number of the most prominent American manufacturers.

In a general way, it may be said that the best modern motor vehicle, whatever its propelling power, is practically noiseless and odorless and nearly free from vibrations. It is still heavy and clumsy in appearance, although it is lighter than the present means of conveyance when the weight of the horse or horses is counted in with the carriage. And invention will soon lighten it still further. It cannot possibly explode. It will climb all ordinary hills, and on the level it will give all speeds from two miles an hour up to twenty or more. Its mechanism has been made so simple that any one can learn to manage it in an hour or two. And yet it is mechanism; and intelligence, coolness, and caution are required to manage a motor vehicle in a crowded street. The operator must combine the intelligence of the driver with

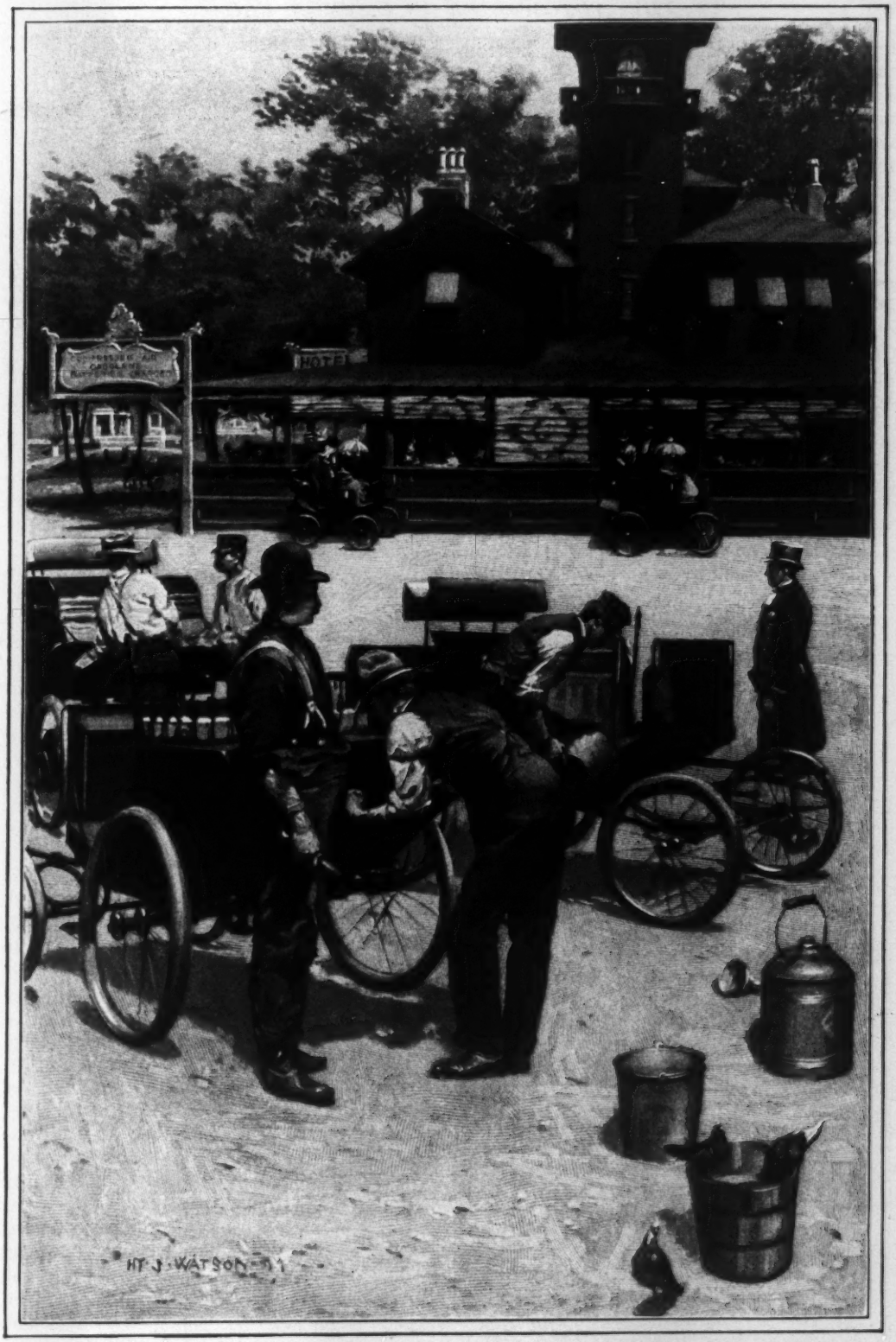
FETCHING THE DOCTOR. ALREADY PHYSICIANS HAVE FOUND THE AUTOMOBILE OF SPECIAL SERVICE TO THEM.

that of the horse, and he does not appreciate the almost human sagacity of that despised animal until he has tried to steer a motor vehicle down Fifth Avenue on a sunny afternoon.

Six different motive powers are now actually employed in this country: electricity, gasoline, steam, compressed air, carbonic-acid gas, and alcohol. The first three of these have been practically applied with great success; all the others are more or less in the experimental stage.

The electric vehicle, which has had its most successful development in this country, has its well-defined advantages and disadvantages. It is simpler in construction and more easily managed than any other vehicle: one manufacturer calls it "fool proof." It is wholly without odor or vibrations and practically noiseless. It will make any permissible rate of speed, and climb any hill up to a twenty per cent. grade. On the other hand, it is immensely heavy, owing to the use of storage batteries; it can run only a limited distance without recharging, and it requires a moderately smooth road. In cost it is the most expensive of all vehicles. And yet for city use, where a constant supply of electricity can be had, electrical cabs, carriages, and delivery wagons have demonstrated their remarkable practicability.

The vital feature of the electric vehicle is the storage battery, which weighs from 500 to 1,500 pounds, the entire weight of the vehicles varying from about 900 to 4,000 pounds. A phaeton for ordinary use in carrying two people will weigh upwards of a ton, with a battery of 900 pounds. This immense weight requires exceedingly rigid construction and high-grade, expensive tires. The electrical current is easily controlled by means of a lever under the hand of the driver, the propelling machinery being comparatively simple. When the battery is nearly empty, it may be recharged at any electric-lighting station by the insertion of a plug, the time required varying from two to three hours. Or, if the owner prefers, he can own his own charging-plant and generate his own electricity; it will cost him from $500 to $700. The current not only operates the vehicle, but it lights the lamps, rings the gong, and in cabs and broughams actuates a push-button arrangement for communication between passenger and driver. The




A ROAD-HOUSE SCENE, SHOWING TYPES OF AUTOMOBILES ALREADY IN USE.

limit of travel without recharging is from twenty to thirty miles. Mr. C. E. Woods, a leading manufacturer, gives the cost of maintenance of storage batteries per year as varying from $50 for light buggies to $300 for heavy omnibuses, the entire cost of operation being from three-quarters of a cent to four cents a mile. A good electric carriage for family use cannot be obtained for much less than $2,000, although one or two manufacturers advertise runabouts and buggies at from $750 to $1,500. An omnibus costs from $3,000 to $4,000. The Columbia Automobile Company has made an interesting comparison showing the cost of horse and electric delivery wagons:

FIRST COST.

| HORSE WAGONS. | | ELECTRIC WAGONS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wagon | $380.00 | Electric wagon complete | $2,250.00 |
| Two horses at $125 | 250.00 | | |
| Harnesses | 75.00 | | |
| | $705.00 | | |

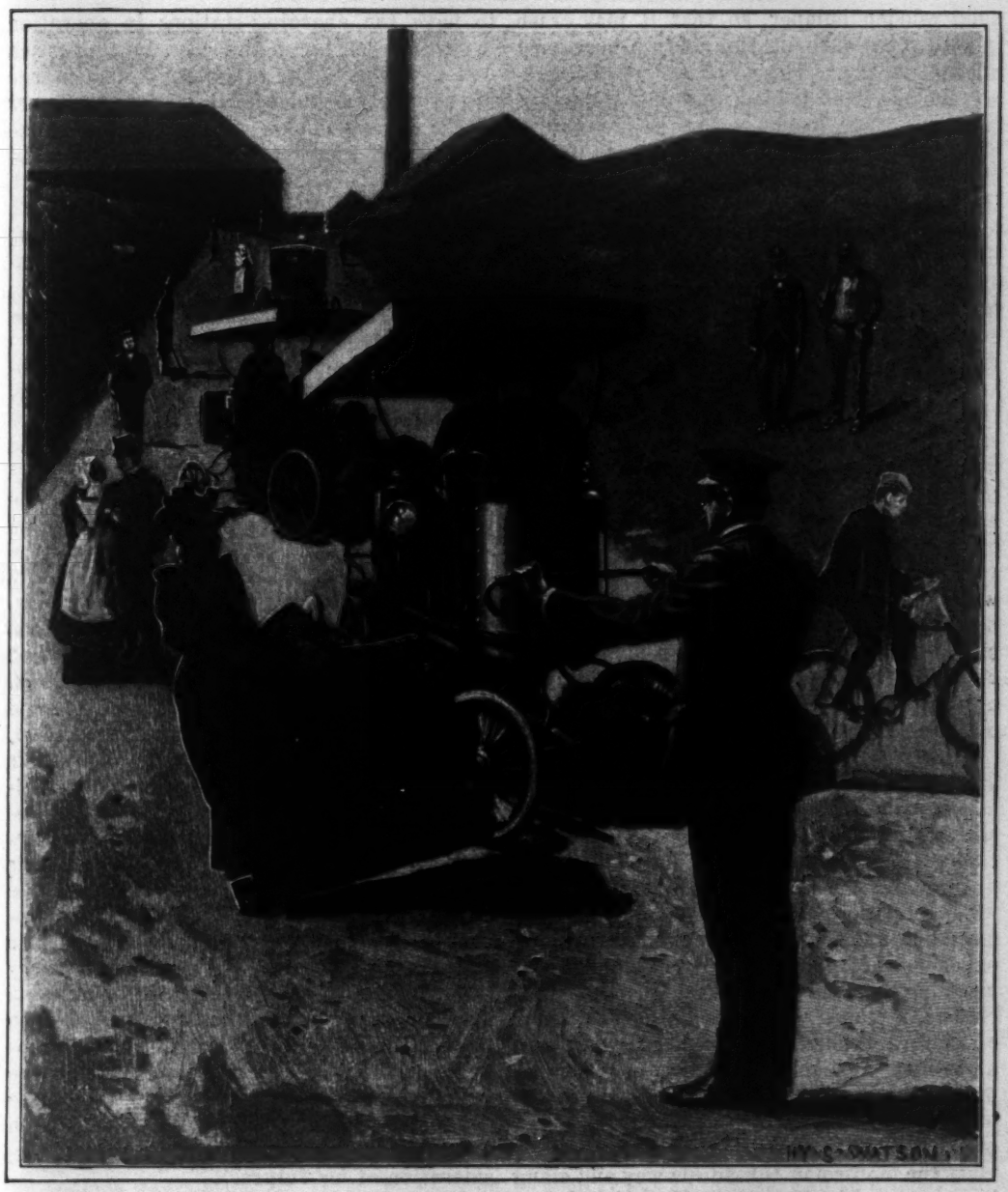
MAINTENANCE PER YEAR.

| HORSE WAGONS. | | ELECTRIC WAGONS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Interest on investment at 5 per cent | $35.25 | Interest on investment at 5 per cent | $112.50 |
| Stabling two horses at $36.50 both, or $18.25 each, per month | 438.00 | Cost of electric current at ordinary central station, rates for 12,000 miles per year | 300.00 |
| Shoeing two horses | 30.00 | | $412.50 |
| Harness repairs, two horses | 20.00 | *Or:* | |
| | $523.25 | Interest | $112.50 |
| | | Current, if generated in private plant | 21.30 |
| | | | $133.80 |

AUTOMOBILE TOURISTS.

"In this table we omitted to mention repairs or the expense of a driver," the Columbia people said, "because we calculate that they are the same in both cases. And battery deterioration will offset horse deterioration. But in using the electric vehicle all stable odors and flies are done away with, and a second man is never necessary to 'watch the horse.' Moreover, an electric wagon can be kept in a quarter of the usual stable space, or even in the store itself."

The company which operates the electric cab system in New York has a most extensive charging-plant. Two batteries are provided for



THE TRAINING-COURSE FOR AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS AT AUBERVILLIERS, NEAR PARIS.

The course, besides being obstructed by the dummy figures shown in the picture, is strewn with paper bricks, and thus becomes as severe a test as possible of the skill of the motorman.

each vehicle, so that, when one is empty, it may be removed by the huge fingers of a traveling crane, placed on a long table, and recharged at leisure, while a completely filled battery is introduced in its place. This change takes only a few minutes, and the cab can be used continuously day and night.

The "lightning cabby" is a product of the new industry. He wears a blue uniform somewhat resembling that of a fireman, and he is a cool-headed, intelligent fellow, who can make ten miles an hour in a crowded street without once catching the suspicious eye of a policeman. Most of the "cabbies" have had previous experience as drivers, but they are given a very thorough training before they are allowed to venture on the streets with a vehicle of their own. A special instructor's cab is in use by the company. It has a flaring front platform with a

solid wooden bumper, so that it may crash into a stone curb or run down a lamp-post without injury. The new man perches himself on the seat behind, and the instructor takes his place inside, where he is provided with a special arrangement for cutting off the current or applying the brakes, should the vehicle escape from the control of the learner. It usually takes a week to train a new man so that he can manage all the brakes and levers with perfect presence of mind. Both of his hands and both of his feet are fully employed. With his left hand he manages the power lever, pushing it forward one notch at a time to increase the speed. With his right hand he controls the steering-lever, which, by the way, turns the rear wheels and not the front ones, as is done with horse-propelled vehicles. His left heel is on the emergency switch, and his left toes ring the gong. With his right heel he turns the reversing-switch, and he can apply the brake with either his right or his left foot. When he wishes to turn on the lights, he presses a button under the edge of the seat. Hence, he is very fully employed, both mentally and physically. He can't go to sleep and let the old horse carry him home.

In France the system of instruction for drivers or *chauffeurs* (stokers), as they are called, is much more complicated and extensive, but hardly more thorough. There the cab company has prepared a 700-yard course up hill and down, and paved it alternately with cobbles, asphalt, wooden blocks, and macadam, so as to give the incipient "cabby" experience in every difficulty which he will meet in the streets of Paris. Upon the inclines are placed numerous lay figures, made of iron—a typical Parisian nurse-maid with a bassinet; a bicycle rider; an old gentleman, presumably deaf, who is not spry in getting out of the way; a dog or two, and paper bricks galore. Down through this throng must the motorman thread his way and clang his gong, and he is not considered proficient until he can course the full length of the "Rue de Magdebourg," as the cabbies call it, without so much as overturning a single pastry cook's boy or crushing a dummy brick.

New York cabs will run twenty miles without recharging. But it is not at all infrequent for a new man to have his vehicle stop suddenly and most unexpectedly; the current deserts him before he knows it. He must let the central office know at once, and the ambulance cab comes spinning out, hooks to the helpless vehicle, and drags it in to the charging-station. The company expects soon to have ten charging-stations in operation in various parts of the city, so that a cab will never have far to go for a new charge of electricity. Indeed, all the manufacturers of electrical vehicles speak with confidence of the day when the whole of the United States will be as thoroughly sprinkled with electric charging-stations as it is to-day with bicycle road-houses. One manufacturer has already issued lists of hundreds of central stations throughout New England, New York, and other Eastern States where automobiles may be provided with power.

It is not hard to imagine what a country touring-station will be like on a sunny summer afternoon some five or ten years hence. Long rows of vehicles will stand backed up comfortably to the charging-bars, each with its electric plug filling the battery with power. The owners will be lolling at the tables on the verandas of the nearby road-house. Men with repair kits will bustle about, tightening up a nut here, oiling this bearing, and regulating that gear. From a long rubber tube compressed air will be hissing into pneumatic tires. There will also be many gasoline carts and road-wagons and tricycles, and they, too, will need repairs and pumping, and their owners will employ themselves busily in filling their little tin cans with gasoline, recharging their tanks, refilling the water-jackets, and looking to the working of their sparking devices. And then there will be boys selling peanuts, arnica, and court-plasters, and undoubtedly a cynical old farmer or two with a pair of ambling mares to carry home such of these new-fangled vehicles as may become hopelessly indisposed. Add to this bustling assembly of amateur "self-propellers" a host of bicycle riders—for there will doubtless be as many bicycles in those days as ever—and it will be a sight to awaken every serious-minded horse to an uneasy consideration of his future.

Nor is this dream so far from being a picture of actual conditions. In Belgium a company has recently been formed to establish electric posting stations. Its promoters plan to have a bar and restaurant connected with the charging-plant, a regular medical attendant, and an expert mechanic who will know how to remedy all the ills of motor vehicles. In the larger cities the time must soon come when there will be coin-in-the-slot "hydrants" for electricity at many public places from which owners of vehicles may charge their batteries while they wait.

The new electric cabs are unquestionably

A MOTOR TALLY-HO, PROPELLED BY STORED ELECTRICITY.

immensely popular as fashionable conveyances. A number of the wealthy people of New York, including Mr. Frank Gould, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, and Mr. Richard McCurdy, have a cab or brougham and driver constantly on call at the home station of the company, for which they pay at the rate of $180 a month. Several prominent physicians are similarly provided, motor vehicles being especially adapted to the varied necessities of a physician's practice. A motor vehicle is always ready at a moment's notice—it does not have to be harnessed. It can work twenty-four hours a day. When it is left in the street outside, the doctor takes with him a little brass plug, or key, without which the vehicle cannot run away or be moved or stolen. And, moreover, it is swifter by half than the ordinary means of locomotion, so that in emergency cases it may mean the saving of a life. One New York physician recently put an electric cab to a most extraordinary use. His patient had a broken arm, and he wished to photograph the fracture with Roentgen rays, but there was no source of electricity available in the residence of the patient. So he made a connection with the battery in his cab, which stood at the door, the rays were promptly applied, and the injury was located.

While the electric vehicle has been winning plaudits for its work in the cities, where pavements are smooth and hard, the gasoline vehicle has been equally successful both in the city and in the country. For ordinary use the gasoline-propelled vehicle has many

important advantages. It is much lighter than the electric vehicle; it requires no charging-station, gasoline being obtainable at every cross-roads store; and it is moderately cheap. All of the famous long-distance races and rides in Europe have been made in gasoline vehicles. On the other hand, most of the gasoline vehicles are subject to slight vibrations due to the motor, and it is almost impossible to do away entirely with the unpleasant odors of burnt gases. Gasoline vehicles are never self-starting, it being necessary to give the piston an initial impulse by hand. In general, also, they are not as simple of management as the electric vehicle; there is more machinery to understand and to operate, and more care is necessary to keep it in order. But when once the details are mastered, the traveler can go almost anywhere on earth with his gasoline carriage, up hill and down, over the roughest roads, through mud and snow, a law unto himself. He can make almost any speed he chooses. It is said that Baron De Knyff, of Paris, made fifty miles an hour for a short run, and Count Chesset-Loubat has surpassed even this record.

The power principle of the gasoline vehicle is very simple. It is a well-known fact that, when gasoline is mixed with air in proper proportions and ignited, it explodes violently. By admitting this mixture at the end or head of the engine cylinder, and exploding it at the proper moment, the piston is driven violently forward, and then, by the action of the fly-wheel or an equivalent device, it is forced back again, and the motor is kept in motion. Most gasoline engines are of what is known as the four-cycle variety. During the first impulse of the piston the vapor is drawn into the end of the cylinder, during the second it is compressed by the return of the piston, in the third it is exploded, and in the fourth the products of the combustion are driven out, and the end of the cylinder is ready for another charge. The explosion of the gas is produced in the most approved motors by means of an electric spark, there being no fire anywhere connected with the machine. Owing to the constant compression of the gases and the succeeding explosions, a gasoline motor becomes highly heated, and in order to maintain a normal temperature, it must be provided with a jacket of cold water, or a peculiar ribbed arrangement of iron for increasing the radiating surface. A vast number of ingenious devices are used for making all of these processes as simple as possible. One motor is so arranged that no igniter is necessary, the gas being compressed in the cylinder to such a degree that it explodes of its own heat, thereby doing away entirely with electricity or any other sparking-device. In France most of the gasoline vehicles are still provided with what are known as "carburetters," or small chambers where the gas and air are mixed in the proper proportions and heated before they are driven into the cylinder. In this country carburetters have been largely done away with, the gas being mixed as it passes into the cylinder.

Every driver of a gasoline vehicle must know these general facts about the mechanism of his motor. He must know how to fill the gasoline and water tanks, how to replenish or regulate the battery which ignites the gas, and he must understand the ordinary processes of cleaning and oiling machinery. When he is ready to start, he must connect up the sparking-device and turn the wheel controlling the piston until the explosions begin. After that, he must see that the valves which admit the air and the gas are carefully adjusted, so that the mixture is admitted to the cylinder in the proper proportion, and then he is ready to go ahead, steering and controlling his engine by means of levers, and operating the brake and gong with his feet. All gasoline vehicles are provided with several appliances for stopping besides the ordinary brake, so that there is practically no possible danger of a runaway. The Duryea vehicle, for instance, has no fewer than five different means of turning off the power of the motor, all within convenient reach. The secretary of the company that manufactures this vehicle told me that he had often stopped his carryall within twenty feet when going at a speed of twenty miles an hour, without great inconvenience to the passengers. By a clever arrangement for changing gearings the gasoline vehicle can be made to ascend almost any hill, and it can be turned in half the space necessary for a horse vehicle.

It is astonishing how little fuel it takes to run a gasoline vehicle. Mr. Fischer, of the American Motor Company, showed me a phaeton, weighing 700 pounds, which, he said, would run 100 miles on five gallons of gasoline, a bare half-dollar's worth. A tricycle manufactured by the same company, weighing 150 pounds, will run eighty miles on three pints of gasoline.

Gasoline vehicles vary in cost over an even wider range than electrical vehicles. A tri-

cycle can be obtained as low as $350, while an omnibus may cost well into the thousands. A first-class road carriage built with all the latest improvements and highly serviceable in every respect can be obtained for $1,000. At this price, the manufacturers assert that gasoline power is much cheaper than horse power. Mr. A. S. Winslow, of the National Motor Carriage Company, has made some interesting comparisons, based on an average daily run of twenty-five miles for five years—more than the maximum endurance of a first-class horse. His estimates represent ordinary city conditions, and rate the cost of the gasoline used at one-half cent a mile:

GASOLINE MOTOR VEHICLE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Original cost of vehicle | $1,000.00 |
| Cost of operation, 1 cent per mile, twenty-five miles per day | 456.50 |
| New sets of tires, during five years | 100.00 |
| Repairs on motor and vehicle | 150.00 |
| Painting vehicle four times | 100.00 |
| Storing and care of vehicle, $100.00 per year | 500.00 |
| | $2,306.50 |

HORSE AND VEHICLE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Original cost of horse, harness, and vehicle | $500.00 |
| Cost of keeping horse, $30.00 per month, five years | 1,800.00 |
| Repairs on vehicle, including rubber tires | 150.00 |
| Shoeing horse, $3.00 per month, five years | 180.00 |
| Repairs on harness, $10.00 per year | 50.00 |
| Painting vehicle four times | 100.00 |
| | $2,780.00 |

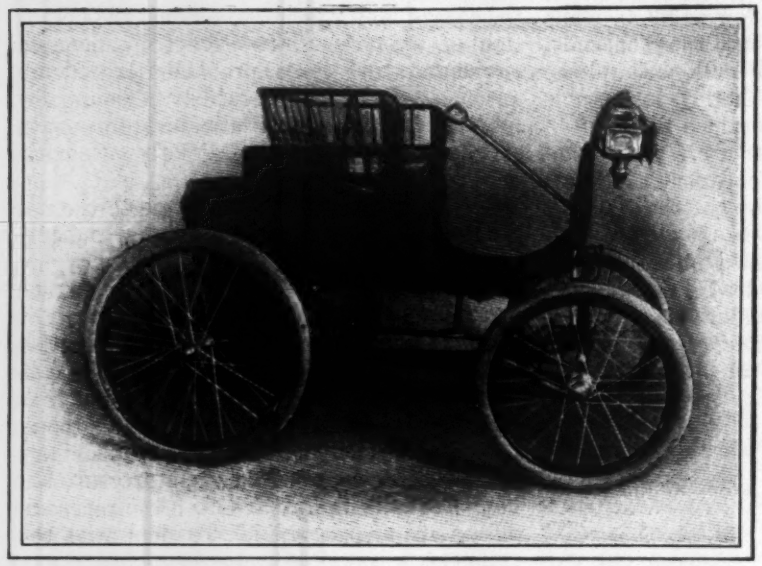
"At the end of five years," said Mr. Winslow, "the motor vehicle should be in reasonably good condition, while the value of the horse and carriage would be doubtful. There is always the possibility that at least one of the horses may die in five years, while the motor vehicle can always be repaired at a comparatively nominal cost. But even assuming that the relative value of each is the same at the end of five years, the cost of actual maintenance during that period would be $1,306.50 for the motor vehicle and $2,280 for the horse and vehicle, or $973.50 in favor of the motor vehicle. This comparison is really doing more than justice to the horse, because a motor vehicle can do the work of three horses without injury."

Steam has been successfully applied to the heavier grades of vehicles, notably trucks, fire-engines, and omnibuses; and two or three American manufacturers have gone still further, and have produced light and natty steam buggies and runabouts, and even steam tricycles. Steam vehicles are easily started and stopped, and fuel and water are always readily obtainable; but there is also the disadvantage of a slight cloud of steam escaping from the exhaust, accompanied by more or less noise. Moreover, in many States there are regulations (mostly unenforced in the case of motor vehicles) against the operation of steam engines except by licensed engineers, and it is probable that steam automobiles will not be widely accepted for pleasure purposes until the inventors have succeeded in producing a strictly automatic engine.

Much has been said recently as to the use of compressed air for heavy trucks, and several immense corporations have been organized to promote its use. At least one truck has actually been constructed. The air is compressed at a central station, and admitted to heavy steel storage bottles, or tubes, connected with the truck, and is used much like steam. The main difficulty in the process has been the sudden cooling of the machinery when the air is released from pressure and begins to take up heat. Often the pipes and valves are frozen solid. To deal with this problem, a jacket of water heated by a gasoline flame is provided for "reheating" the air, a difficult and cumbersome process. Owing to the weight of the steel tubes, the compressed-air vehicles are enormously heavy, and, like electric vehicles, they must return to some charging-station, after traveling twenty or thirty miles, for a new supply of power. And yet both inventors and financial promoters are sanguine of ultimate success with them.

A Chicago inventor has been building a truck in which he combines gasoline and electrical power. An eight-horse-power gasoline engine situated over the front axle drives an electrical generator, which in turn feeds a small storage battery, thus producing power as the vehicle moves, and rendering it entirely independent of a charging-station. One man can handle the entire truck, and it is said that the cost of operation will not exceed 80 cents a day. The main objection to this system, as with compressed air, is the enormous weight of the vehicle, which is upwards of 9,000 pounds. The truck has a carrying capacity of eight tons, making a total of 25,000 pounds. Such a vehicle presents problems which modern pavement builders have yet to solve.

But the time is certainly coming, and that soon, when all heavy loads must be drawn by automobiles. Recent English experiments, already mentioned, have established the feasibility of the auto-truck even in its present experimental stage, and the inventor needs no further encouragement to prosecute his work. It is hardly possible to conceive the appearance of a crowded wholesale street in the day of the automatic vehicle. In the



A LIGHT RUNABOUT, DRIVEN BY GASOLINE.

first place, it will be almost as quiet as a country lane—all the crash of horses' hoofs and the rumble of steel tires will be gone. The vehicles will be fewer and heavier, although much shorter than the present truck and span, so that the streets will appear much less crowded. And with larger loads, more room, and less necessary attention, more business can be done, and at less expense.

A New York manufacturer produces an odd variation of the motor vehicle in what he calls a "mechanical horse." It is a one or three-wheeled equipment provided with an electric motor, and it can be attached to almost any kind of carriage or wagon and made to draw like a veritable mechanical horse. In this connection, a French manufacturer of a similar equipment says that of the 7,750,000 horse vehicles now used in France, 4,000,000 could be transformed into automobiles, although such a change would probably be impracticable.

AN ELECTRIC HANSOM CAB.

Although the American public has not adopted the motor vehicle as rapidly as the French and English, American manufacturers are already well in the lead. It is a significant fact that more vehicles, five times over, are already being exported than are sold here at home. A well-known engineer who has just returned from an exhaustive investigation of automobiles in France says that the European takes an absolutely different view of the automobile from the American.

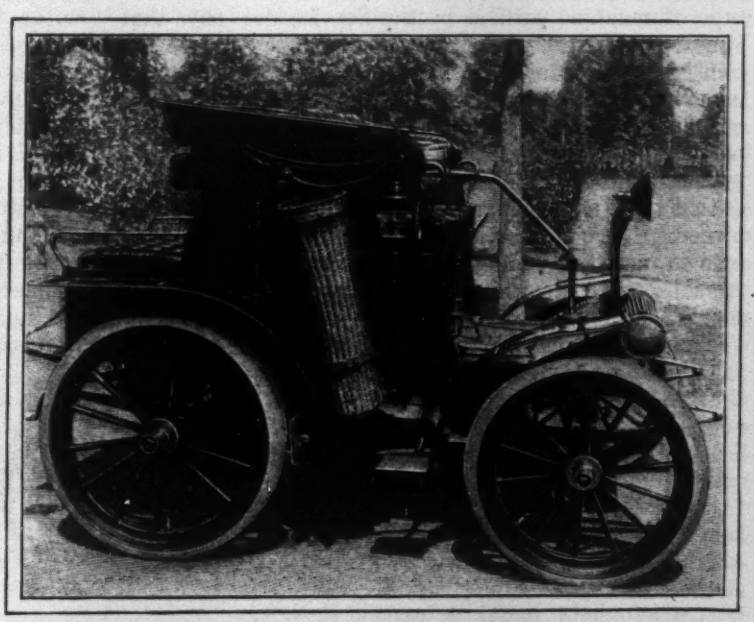
A TYPICAL AMERICAN ELECTRIC CARRIAGE.

"The Frenchman," he says, "seems to love his mechanical effects. He makes no attempt to conceal the machinery of his vehicle or to avoid the staggering effect upon the uninitiated of a complex mechanism. His gears are unhoused and his gliding surfaces are left exposed to dust and mud, and he sits among his wheels and levers and brakes and pulleys, a veritable god in the machine. He evidently takes pride in exhibiting his ability to manipulate such a complicated mass of machinery. In America, public enthusiasm has not yet reached the stage in which it can bear the shock of an ordinary examination of such vehicles. We are building carriages, not machines, and making them so simple that a child can run them. Perhaps that is the reason why foreigners are so fond of our vehicles."

As to just what form the future motor vehicle will take there is the widest diversity of opinion. Business clashes with art. Horse carriages are built high so that the driver can see over the horse and avoid the dust. The first motor vehicles were merely "carriages-without-the-horse," and some of them looked clumsy and odd enough, "bobbed off in front," as one man described them. Strangely enough, however, manufacturers say that at present the public demands just such vehicles, the low, light, and comfortable models being too much of an innovation to sell.

"But you may depend upon it," one manufacturer told me, "the future motor vehicle will be within a step of the ground, with an artistically rounded front, neither a machine nor a carriage-without-the-horse, but a new and distinct type—the motor vehicle."

The utility of the automobile in any city is in direct proportion to the condition of its streets. It is hardly surprising that manufacturers are receiving the greatest number of inquiries from cities like Buffalo and Detroit, where the pavements are good, and



A FRENCH TOURING CART, DRIVEN BY GASOLINE.

from California and part of New England. The automobile has had such acceptance in France because the highways are all as smooth as park paths. Bicycling already has had a profound influence in spurring the road-makers, and the introduction of the motor vehicle will be still more effective. Colonel Waring estimated that two-thirds of all street dirt is traceable directly to the horse. At present it costs New York nearly $3,000,000 a year to clean its streets. With new pavements such as the new soft-tired vehicles and the absence of pounding hoofs would make possible, street cleaning would become a minor problem. And new asphalt pavement, the best in the world, could be put down at the rate of forty miles a year for what New York now spends for half cleaning its streets.

As yet American law-makers have hardly touched on the subject of motor vehicles. In New York, if drivers keep out of Central Park, display a light, ring a gong, and do not speed faster than eight miles an hour, no one interferes with them. Similar regulations prevail in Boston and in other American cities. In Brooklyn, the parks are free. France and England, on the other hand, hedge in automobile drivers with all manner of rules and regulations, and require them to be officially licensed. In France, by recently promulgated articles, every type of vehicle employed must offer complete conditions of security in its mechanism, its steering-gear, and its brakes. The constructors of automobiles must have the specifications of each type of machine verified by the Service des Mines. After a certificate of such verification has been granted, the constructor is at liberty to manufacture an unlimited number of vehicles. Each vehicle must bear the name of the constructor, an indication of the type of machine, the number of the vehicle in that type, and the name and domicile of its owner. No one may drive an automobile who is not the holder of a certificate of capacity signed by the prefect of the department in which he resides.

The regulations are most explicit on the important question of speed. In narrow or crowded thoroughfares the speed must be reduced to walking pace. In no case may the speed exceed eighteen and one-half miles an hour in the open country or twelve and one-half miles an hour when passing houses. Relative to signals, the regulations say that "the approach of an automobile must, if necessary, be signaled by means of a trumpet." Each automobile must be provided with two lamps, one white, the other green. Racing is allowed, provided an authorization is obtained from the prefect and the mayors are warned. In racing, the speed of eighteen and one-half miles an hour may be exceeded in the open country, but when passing houses, the maximum of twelve and one-half miles must not be exceeded.

One curious difficulty in connection with the new vehicle is the difficulty of finding suitable English names to designate it and its driver. The French, with characteristic readiness in getting settled names for things, have, as already noted, formally adopted the word "automobile" for the vehicle and "chauffeur" (stoker) for the driver. But we of the English tongue are slower. At least a dozen names have been used to a greater or less extent, such as "motor carriage," "auto-carriage," and "horseless carriage." In England, "self-propeller" is popular and so is "auto-car," the latter being apparently the favored designation. Mr. E. P. Ingersoll of the "Horseless Age," who has canvassed the question thoroughly, says that "motor vehicle" seems to be the more generally accepted designation in this country. But whatever it is, or is yet to be, called, the thing itself must now be rated an accepted and established appliances of everyday life. Even if it stopped in its development just where it now is, it must still be accounted of positive and enduring utility; and with the simplifications and cheapening that are sure to be effected by inventive genius and commercial shrewdness in a very short time, its universal adoption is inevitable, and is probably very near.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

# JAMES SEARS: A NAUGHTY PERSON

## A BOYVILLE STORY.

"A naughty person . . . walketh with a froward mouth.

"He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers; . . . he deviseth mischief continually; . . .

"Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly; suddenly shall he be broken without remedy."

IT was morning—the cool of the morning. The pigeons were gossiping under the barn eaves. In the apple tree a robin's song throbbed at intervals, and the jays were chattering incessantly in the cherry trees by the fence. The dew was still on the grass that lay in the parallelogram of shade made by the Sears dwelling, and in the twilight of grass-land all the elf-people were whispering and tittering and scampering about in surreptitious revel. The breeze of dawn, tired and worn out, was sinking to a fitful doze in the cottonwood foliage near by. In the lattice of the kitchen porch two butterflies were chasing their little brethren, the sun flecks, in and out among the branches of the climbing rose. Even the humble burdock weeds and sunflowers lining the path that led to the gate seemed to be exalted by the breath of the morning air, and they were not out of harmony with the fine, high chord of ecstasy that was thrilling the soul of things. And yet, in that hour, James Sears stood near a rain-barrel, bobbing up and down on a churn-handle, with a green-checked gingham apron tied about his neck. His back ached, and his heart was full of bitterness at the scheme of creation. For it was Saturday morning—his by every law, precedent, or tradition known or reported in the Court of Boyville. But instead of inhaling the joys of the new day, James, whose courtly name was "Jimmy," looked for yellow granules on the dasher, and promised God that, if He would let him grow up, *his* little boy should never have to churn.

. . . "his heart was full of bitterness." . . .

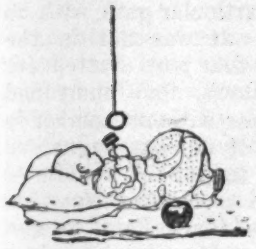
Any boy knows that it is a degrading thing to churn, and he further knows that to wear a green-checked gingham apron is unspeakably odious; however, if the disgusting thing is tied under a boy's arms, from whence it may be slipped down over the hips and the knees to the ground, by certain familiar twists of the body, the case is not absolutely hopeless. But Jimmy Sears's apron strings were tied about his neck; so his despair was black and abysmal. Once in a while Jimmy's bosom became too heavily freighted, and he paused to sigh. He cheered himself up on these occasions by licking the churn-dasher slyly; but the good cheer on the dasher was a stimulant that left him more miserable than it found him. Ever and anon, from some remote chamber

in the house behind him, came the faint, gasping cry of a day-old baby. That cry drowned the cooing of the doves, the song of the robin, and the chirping of the dwellers in the grass; to Jimmy the bleat of the little human lamb sounded like the roar of a lion. He could endure penal servitude on his Saturday with a patience born of something approaching a philosophy; he could wear a checked gingham apron, even as a saint wears an unbecoming halo; but the arrival of the new baby—the fifth addition to the family in the short period of years covered by Jimmy Sears's memory—brought a prickly pill of wrath, and dropped it in the youth's brim-full cup of woe. As the minutes dragged wearily along, Jimmy Sears reviewed the story of his thraldom. He thought of how, in his short-dress days, he had been put to rocking a cradle; how, in his kilted days, there had been ever a baby's calico dress to consider; how, from his earliest fishing days, there had been always a tot tagging after him, throwing sticks and stones in the water to scare the fish; and how, now in his swimming and cave-dwelling days, there was a swarm of tow-headed Searses, a creeper, a toddler, a stumbler, and a sneaker, to run away from.

. . . "throwing sticks . . . to scare the fish." . . .

As the churn-dasher grew heavier the wrath in Jimmy's cup began to sputter, dissolving into that which in his older sister's heart would have been tears; in Jimmy's heart, it took the form of convulsive sniffling. The boy could hear his sister clattering the breakfast dishes in the kitchen. The thing that ground upon his heart was the firm footfall of Mrs. Jones, a neighbor woman, who was overseeing the affairs of the household. Jimmy could not remember hearing that footstep except in times of what seemed to him to be the family's disgrace. He hated Mrs. Jones because she tried to cool his ire by describing the superior points of the particular new baby that had arrived each time she came upon her errands of neighborly mercy. Just as the yellow granules began to appear in the buttermilk pool on the churn-top, Jimmy heard a step on the gravel walk behind him. The step came nearer. When Jimmy lifted his eyes, they glared into the face of Harold Jones. Choler cooled into surprise, and surprise exploded into a vapid, grinning "Huh!" which was followed by another "Huh!" that gurgled out into a real laugh as Jimmy greeted the visitor. The Jones boy giggled, and Jimmy found his tongue and asked: "Did you ever churn?" When Harold admitted that he, too, was a slave of the churn, the freemasonry of Boyville was established. A moment later "Mealy"—which was Harold's title in the Court—was exemplifying the work. When Mrs. Jones came out of the house to take care of the butter, she saw her son and Jimmy lying on the grass. Half an hour later the boys in the barn heard Mrs. Jones's voice calling: "Harold, O Harold, don't you want to come and look at the baby?"

Now James Sears, in the twenty-four hours of his new sister's life, had not let the fact of her existence form expression on his lips. Much less had he lowered his hostile flag to salute her. But he knew instinctively that Harold Jones was the sort of a boy who would unsex himself by looking at a baby. When Mealy answered, "Yes'm," and trotted down the back-yard path to the kitchen, Jimmy Sears scorned him heartily



". . . a creeper, a toddler, a stumbler, and a sneaker."

enough to fancy Mealy in the act of holding the loathsome thing in his arms. Further contumely was beyond Jimmy's imagination.

When Mealy Jones came back, the barn wherein he had left Jimmy was empty; and only when Mealy had started homeward and a clod came whizzing down the alley, hitting him under the ear, did Mealy know how Jimmy Sears resented an insult. Mealy looked around; no one was in sight.

Right here the reader should know that Jimmy Sears was not alone in his displeasure. There was mutiny in the Sears household. When the baby came, the four elder of the seven Sears children joined Jimmy in informal, silent sedition. They looked upon the newcomer as an intruder. For all who extended sympathy to the pretender the insurgents developed a wholesome scorn. This scorn fell most heavily upon Mrs. Jones. The Sears children regarded her familiar jocularity with undisguised repugnance; and when Jimmy heard Mrs. Jones tell his little sister Annie, that morning, that she was no longer the baby, Jimmy's rage at what he considered a fiendish thrust at the innocent and forsaken child passed the bounds of endurance. He hurled a bit of that anger in the clod that hit Mealy Jones. Then Jimmy walked doggedly back to the house. He coaxed the little sister from the kitchen, took the child's chubby hand, and led her to the barn. There Jimmy nursed his sorrow. He assured the younker as they sat on the hay that he for one would not desert her, "even if mamma had forgotten her." He hugged the wondering tot until her ribs hurt, and in his lamentations referred to the new baby as "that old thing." The evening before, when Mrs. Jones had marshaled the other Sears children and taken them into the bedroom to see their new sister, Jimmy was not to be found. None of the older children had looked at the baby. They had turned their heads away deliberately, and had responded in guttural affirmatives when they were asked if it was not a pretty baby. But Jimmy had escaped that humiliation, and since then he had avoided all snares set to lure him into his mother's room. He sat in the barn, fuming as he recalled what he had heard while Annie was in his mother's room early that morning. There he heard this monologue in Mrs. Jones's voice:

"See little sister's hands. Oh, what pretty hands!"

Jimmy had reasoned, and probably correctly, that the pause was filled by the child's big-eyed astonishment. Mrs. Jones continued:

"Weenty, teenty little feets! See little sister's toeses. What little bitsey toeses. Baby touch little sister's toeses."

Jimmy had chafed while he listened; but now that the scene came to him after reflection, he saw how inhuman a thing it was to dupe the child into an affection for her inevitable enemy.

"Does baby love little sister?" continued the voice. "Love nice, pretty little sister! Sweet

James.

little sister! Zhere! Zhere! Zhat's right; love little sister!"

As he toyed with a wisp of hay, Jimmy Sears's blood froze in his veins at the recollection that his own mother had lent her countenance to this baseness. He knew, and he knew that his mother knew, that the baby would take all the care due to his toddling sister. He saw, from the elevation of the hay-cock on which he and the little one sat, that her throat had been cut in a cowardly manner while she smiled. It seemed deliberately cruel. A lump of pity filled his throat for the child. Still, in his heart, he forgave his mother for her part in the duplicity. He did not feel for her the contempt he felt for Henry Sears, his father; for the boy knew that Henry Sears was actually proud of the family's ignominy. Jimmy blushed at the picture in his mind of his father strutting around town, with his vest pockets full of cigars and his thumbs in the armpits, bragging of the occurrence that filled the boy with shame. Jimmy felt that secretly his mother did not consider the baby's arrival an occasion for vainglory. He felt that his mother was merely putting a good face upon the misfortune. These reflections kept Jimmy quiet for ten minutes.

. . . "Mrs. Jones came out . . . to take care of the butter." . . .

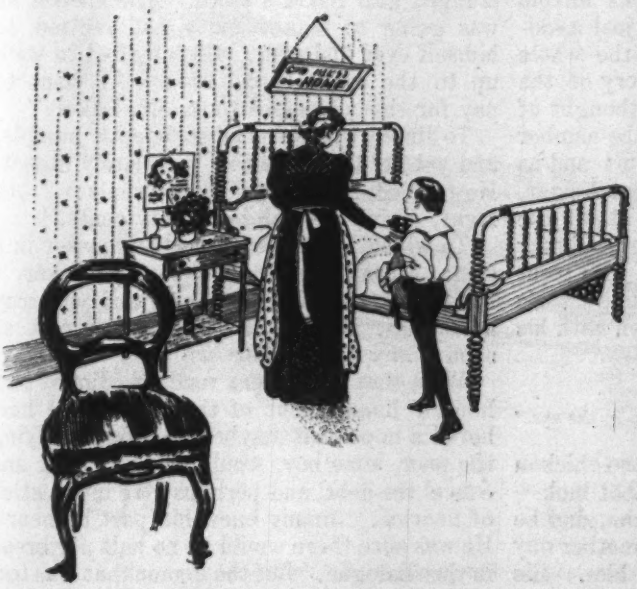
At the end thereof a calamitous fate took him up, and made him its toy. Tragedy is the everlasting piling up of little things. So Jimmy Sears could not know that an evil destiny had come to guide his steps when he started downward, for it came so gently. To meet "Piggy" Pennington and "Bud" Perkins and "Abe" Carpenter coming out of the Pennington yard was not such a dreadful thing. Jimmy had met them a score of times before at that particular gate, with no serious consequences. It was not in the least ominous that the four boys started for the Creek of the Willows, for Jimmy had gone to the creek times without number in that very company. It did not augur evil for Jimmy Sears that the lot fell to him to go forth and forage a chicken for the great corn feast of the Black Feet—a savage tribe of four warriors among whom Jimmy was known as the "Bald Eagle."

Perhaps there were signs and warnings in all these things; and then, on the other hand, perhaps Jimmy Sears was so intent upon escaping from the shadow that lowered over his family that he did not read the omens, and so rushed into his misfortunes blindly. These, however, are idle speculations; they are the materials from which sages spin their dry and ethereal webs. But this narrative is concerned only with the facts in the case. Therefore, it is necessary to know only that when Jimmy Sears stooped to pick up his nail-pointed arrow, lying beside a stunned pullet, he heard the sharp nasal "sping" of a rock whirring near his head. Chicken and bow and arrow in hand, he began to run, not looking back.

"Here, here, Jimmy Sears, hold on there!" cried a voice. Jimmy knew the voice. It and the chicken belonged to the same person. So Jimmy quickened his speed. He heard the clattering thump of pursuing feet. It was two hundred yards to the end of the cob-strewn cow lot. The boy fixed his course toward the lowest length of fence. Then he kept his eyes upon the ground. He clenched his teeth, and skimmed over the earth. The feathers in his hat—stuck there to satisfy the verities of his assumed Indian character

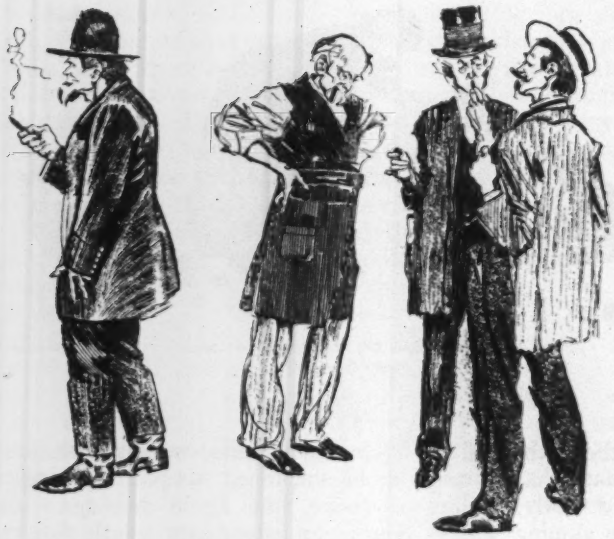
. . . . "Jimmy heard Mrs. Jones tell his little sister Annie . . . that she was no longer the baby." . . .

—caught the breeze; so, rather than lose his hat, he grabbed it in the hand that held the chicken. He cleared the fence, and plunged into the timber. Looking over his shoulder, he saw a man's form on the fence; the thud of boots on the sod and the crash of branches behind him sent terror through the boy's frame, and he turned towards the creek that flowed sluggishly near by. He took great bounding strides, throwing his head from side to side as he ran. The boy knew the path. It led to a rickety fence—a cattle-guard that crossed the river. Jimmy's heart beat wildly, and the trees danced by him on the sloping path. But he was not "the champeen fence-walker of Willow Creek," late of "Pennington & Carpenter's Circus & Menagerie, price ten pins," without having won his proud place by prowess. He came to the water's edge with sure feet. He knew that he could cross. He had crossed the creek there a score of times. He jumped for the slanting boards with his bare feet, and his heart was glad. The boy was sure that no man would dare to follow him, even if the fence would hold a man's weight. He had scurried up the bank before his pursuer had reached the side Jimmy had leaped from so lightly. He scooted through the underbrush. Again and again did the "champeen fence-walker" smile to himself as he slackened his pace to dodge a volley of rocks, and again and again did James Sears—an exemplary youth for the most part, who knew his Ten Commandments by heart—look exultingly at his pullet. He gloried in his iniquity. Lentulus returning to Capua with victorious legions was not so proud. But there the evil spirit swooped low upon him—the spirit of destruction that always follows pride. Jimmy tripped, and lunged forward; the chicken, the hat, the bow and arrow, and the boy all parted company. Then Jimmy felt a pain—a sharp pain that he recognized too well. He feared to make sure of the extent of his injury. Instinctive knowledge told him he had "stumped" his toe. This knowledge also brought the sense of certainty that his day's pleasure was spoiled. He knew that he would go hobbling along, the last brave in the Indian file.




. . . "the sort of a boy who would unnerve himself by looking at a baby."

The pain in his foot began to throb as he gathered up his chicken and weapons. He walked for a few moments without looking at the wound. He felt the oozing blood, and he bent his body and went along, grunting at every step. Finally, coming into a flood of sunlight on the path, he sat on a log, and slowly lifted up his foot, twisting his face into an agonized knot. He peeked at his toe, at first stealthily; then, little by little taking away his nursing hand, he gazed fixedly at the wound. The flesh on the end of the toe was hanging loosely by the skin. It was a full minute



. . . "bragging of the occurrence." . . .

before the boy could find courage to press the hanging flesh back to its place. In the meantime the chicken, which had been lying behind him under the log, had regained its senses, squawked hoarsely twice, and walked into the bushes. When Jimmy's mind turned to his prize, the prize was gone. He had been in the depths as he sat on the log. But the loss of the pullet brought with it a still further depression, and Jimmy forgot all about his impersonation of the "Bald Eagle." He lost his conceit in the red ochre stripes on his face and the iridescent feathers in his hat and the blue-black mud on his nimble feet. For a few moments he was just a sad-eyed boy who saw the hand of the whole world raised against him. The cry of the new baby rang in his ears. The thought of the other boys teasing him about the number of babies at his house frenzied him; and as his bill of wrongs grew longer and longer, Jimmy shook his head defiantly at all the world. For a few hollow moments Jimmy tried to find the straying chicken. He went through the empty form of spitting in his hand, saying, before he came down with his index finger:

"Spit, spit, spy,
Tell me whur my chicken is, er I'll hit ye in the eye."

He threw a stick in the direction the chicken might have taken, but he knew that luck—like all the world—was against him, and he had no heart in the rites that on another day might have brought fortune to him. His stubbed toe was hurting him, and the murmur of a ripple in the stream a few rods below the cattle-guard called to him enticingly. As soon as the boy deemed it safe to venture out of the thicket, he hobbled down to the water's edge, and sat for a long time in the shade, with the cooling water laving his bruised feet. He knew that the other boys would miss him, but he did not care. He was enjoying the gloom that was settling down upon him. Slowly, and by almost imperceptible degrees, there rose in his consciousness a sense of guilt. At the end of an hour, the feeling that he was a thief swept over him, covering his sense of personal grievance like a mantle. For another hour he wrestled with a persistent devil that was tempting him to strangle his scruples; he won. Jimmy Sears had seventeen cents in his cast-iron bank at home—the result of a year's careful saving. He crossed the creek, and trudged back to town, and fancied that he was walking in a sanctified road; for he was full of the resolve to go straight to the store of the grocer who owned the chicken, and offer all his available resources in payment for the wrong he had done. Only the heel of his left foot touched the ground, and he progressed slowly. So the afternoon was old when he turned the corner and trudged into Baker's store. The speech he was going to make Jimmy had recited to himself over and over. He intended to walk up to the counter and say: "I want to pay for that chicken I took, Mr. Baker."

To Jimmy that sounded sufficiently humble, and yet it did not seem completely abject. He fancied the grocer would reply: "All right, Jimmy; it will be twenty cents."

To which the boy expected to answer in a clear, strong voice: "Well, Mr. Baker, I have seventeen cents at home, and you may have that, and I will bring in the rest as soon as my mushmelons are ripe."

With that agreement reached, Jimmy saw himself limping out of the store. He harbored a hope that maybe the grocer, pitying the poor, lame boy, would call him back and cancel the debt, and perhaps give him a stick of licorice. Jimmy knew his part by heart. He was sure there would be no halt nor break in this dialogue. But the demon that was torturing his destiny that day probably chuckled

as Jimmy crossed the grocery-store threshold.

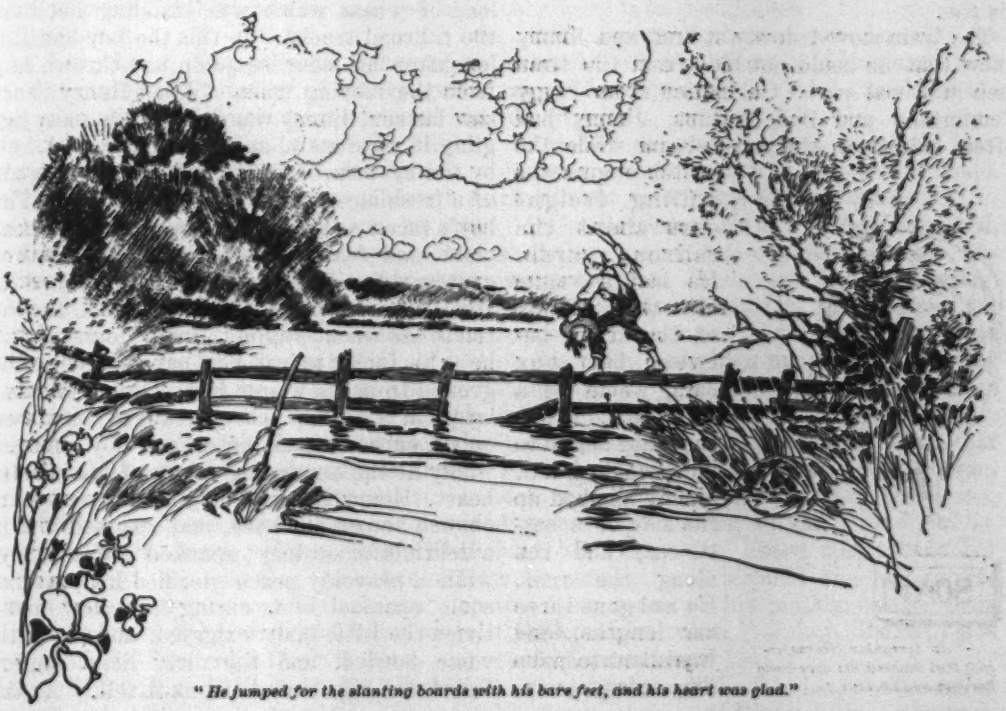
The boy that the grocer saw when he looked up from the pickle-barrel certainly had a badly freckled face; the grocer thought the boy had bold, mean eyes. The youthful jaw set firmly, and the pain in his foot engraved ugly lines in his face. The button was off one wrist-band. A long tear down the lower part of his trousers leg revealed a glimpse of brown, tanned skin. He was not a boy who looked like a creature of dreams and of a high resolve. No boy who amounts to much ever does look the part, as the actors say. So when Jimmy Sears—ragged and brazen—stood before the wronged chicken-owner, rage flooded the man's bosom. He rushed around the counter end, mumbling at the boy. The instinct of fear crowded all the fine speeches out of Jimmy's head. He backed off, and exclaimed, as he saw the grocer grab a butter-paddle: "Dern you, don't you touch me; I'll pay for your old chicken. Watch out now!"

. . . "he sat on a log, and slowly lifted his foot." . . .

Two scale weights slipped involuntarily into Jimmy's hands, and he backed from the counter to the sidewalk. His hands were uplifted as if to throw the weights. The grocer had not come up to the boy, who shouted in a burst of fear and anger:

"I'll pay for your chicken, I say. Now you keep away from me."

The grocer hesitated, dismayed for a second by the threatening weights in the boy's hand. But pride urged the man on. He stepped up quickly, and planted a smarting blow on Jimmy's leg. It was well for the grocer that he ducked his head; for when the paddle struck, the boy did not flinch, but let drive one weight after another, and cried before each crash of glass that the flying irons made inside the store, "Yes, you will!" and again, "Yes, you will!"



"He jumped for the slanting boards with his bare feet, and his heart was glad."

He forgot the ache in his cramped heel and the burning in his bruised toe as he ran to the middle of the street.

"You old coward, why don't you pick on some one your size?"

The tears were rising to his eyes; he had to run to escape from the tide. Just as he turned, he caught a glimpse of his father joining the gathering crowd. After that his feet grew wings.

A freight train stood on the track in front of the boy, a quarter of a mile away. A mad impulse came to him as he ran, and he yielded to it. A boy with a grievance, or a boy who has a sore toe, or a boy with fear at his back cannot fashion his conduct after the beautiful principles laid down in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics." So when Jimmy Sears came to the freight train that blocked his flight, he darted down the track until he was out of sight of any possible pursuers in the street. He clambered breathlessly into a coal car, and snuggled down into a corner inside a little strip of shade, and panted like a hunted rabbit. A sickening pain throbbed up from his toe.

"'Spit, spit, spy.
Tell me whur my chicken is, er I'll hit ye in the eye.'"

The train moved slowly at first, and Jimmy knew that he could not hide from the train men in a coal car. On banter from Piggy Pennington and Bud Perkins, Jimmy had often ridden on the brake-beam while the switch engine was pulling freight cars about the railroad yards. He had a vague idea that midway of the train, between two box cars, would be a safe place. When the train began to increase its speed, Jimmy climbed up the side of a cattle-car, and ran along the roof. He had gone three car lengths, and was about to make his third jump, when he saw the angry face of his father, who appeared on the depot platform just opposite to him. Instinctively the boy darted to the other side of the car roof, and his jump fell short. The father saw his son's head go down, and for an awful minute Henry Sears heard the lumbering train rumble by. In the first second of that minute the frantic man listened for a scream. He heard none. Then slowly he sank upon a baggage truck. He was helpless. The paralysis of horror was upon him. Car after car jolted along. At last the yellow caboose flashed by him. Half of the longest second Henry Sears ever knew passed before he dared turn his eyes toward the place on the track where his son went down. Then he looked, and saw nothing but the cinder track and the shining rails. But an instant later he heard a familiar whoop, and, staring around, he saw Jimmy sitting on a load of wheat which was standing between the railroad tracks. In this the boy had fallen after his sidewise jump had thrown him from the moving train. When Henry Sears saw his son, Jimmy was holding his foot, jiggling it vigorously, and roaring, moved half by the hysteria of fright and half by the pain of a fresh laceration of his bruised toe. The boy's face was black with coal-dust and wheat chaff, and tears were striping his features grotesquely. The palsy of terror loosened its steel bands from the father's limbs, and he ran to the wheat wagon. Jimmy Sears, for all he or his father knows, may have floated to the ground from the wagon bed. But a moment later, in a frenzy wherein anger furnished only a subconscious motor and joy pumped wildly at the expanding valves of his blissful heart, Henry Sears took his thirteen-year-old son across his knee, and spanked him in a delirium of ecstasy; spanked him merrily, while a heavenly peace glorified his paternal soul; spanked him, caring not how many times the little body wriggled, and the little voice howled, and the dirty little fingers foiled his big, bony hand as it fell. At the

". . . "an irregular circumference that touched his ears and his chin and his hair."

end of the felicitous occasion, the father found his voice:

"Haven't I told you enough, sir, to keep off the cars? Haven't I? Haven't I? Answer me, sir! Do you hear me? Haven't I?"

And Jimmy Sears knew by that turn of the conversation that the episodes of the stolen chicken and the broken showcases were forgotten; so he nodded a contrite head. His father returned to earth by giving his son a few casual cuffs, with, "Will you try that again, sir?" and continued: "Now, sir, let me see you walk right straight home. And just you let me catch you down here again!"

"'I'll pay for your chicken, I say. Now you keep away from me.'"

Jimmy was wise enough to hurry along as fast as his bleeding foot would take him. He saw the advantage of a motion to adjourn without further debate, and the motion prevailed.

An hour later, Jimmy Sears had washed the dirt from the interior of an irregular circumference that touched his ears and his chin and his hair. Until the twilight fell he stayed in the conning-tower in the Pennington barn, and watched his home through a crack between two boards. When he saw his father leave the house for town after supper, Jimmy hurried down a lane in sight of his father, yet out of his father's reach. At the close of twilight, Jimmy Sears came up the hard-beaten path that led to his home, through burdock weeds and sunflowers. There was a light in the kitchen, and through the window he could see Mrs. Jones moving about. He observed that the supper dishes were being put away. He saw his eldest sister, with the tea towel in her hands, chatting happily with Mrs. Jones. The spectacle filled him with rage. He felt that the other children had deserted him and that, in the war against the new baby, they had left him to fight unaided. He met a little brother, who greeted him with: "Uh-huh, Mr. Jimmy, you just wait till pa gets you!"

A prolonged and scornful "Aw!" was Jimmy's reply to this welcome. On the step of the back porch, his favorite little sister sat playing with the house cat. She toddled to Jimmy; he let her take his finger, and they went into the kitchen.

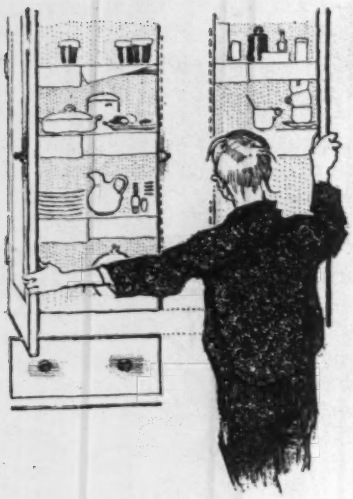
"Oh, Jimmy!—where—you—been?" demanded the eldest sister. "Mamma's been asking for you all day. I'd be ashamed if I was you."

The boy did not deign to speak to Mrs. Jones, and kept his back to her when he could. He did not answer his sister's question.

"Got anything here fit to eat?" he asked, as he threw open the cupboard doors. The insult to Mrs. Jones was not accidental. Jimmy supposed that she had cooked the supper. He put two or three plates of food on the table, and drew up a chair, sneering bumptiously. "What's this?" as he dived into each dish.

His sister's "Why, Jimmy!" and her warning frowns did not change his course. Mrs. Jones went to the front of the house, diplomatically leaving all the doors open behind her, that Mrs. Sears might hear her son's voice. In a moment the boy caught the faint sound of his mother calling from the distant bedroom, "Jimmy, Jimmy, come here; I want you."

The boy pretended not to hear. She called his name again. "Yes'm," he answered.



"'Got anything here fit to eat?'"

When she repeated her request, he filled his mouth with pie, and replied, "I'm a-eatin' now." He slipped a piece of ice down the back of his adoring little sister, who sat near him. When she wept noisily, he laughed under his breath and spoke aloud to his sister at the dish-pan: "What'd you want to take Annie's doll away from her for? Give it back, why don't you?"

"Why — Jimmy — Sears!" retorted the girl. Then lifting her voice, "Mamma, Jimmy's put ice down—" But the lad pressed the ice against the child's back, pretending to be removing the source of the trouble, and the child's lusty howls drowned the girl's protest. When he heard the bedroom door close to shield his mother from the turmoil, Jimmy knew that he had outwitted Mrs. Jones, so he quelled the disturbance he had caused. When Mrs. Jones returned to the kitchen, the boy was sitting on the porch steps with his little sister, telling her about Raw-head and Bloody-bones, greatly to the child's horror and delight.

Jimmy heard his elder sister inquire, "Did mamma eat her supper?" He heard Mrs. Jones respond, "Not very much of it; but she will after a while, I guess. She said to leave it in there."

"Couldn't she eat any of that nice chicken Mrs. Pennington sent?"

"No, nor Mrs. Carpenter's lemon jelly."

"Poor mamma," sighed the girl.

But Jimmy had other reflections. Ten minutes later he walked past his mother's open door, and fumbled around in the sitting-room.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" asked his mother.

"Yes'm," rejoined the boy.

"What are you doing?"

"Lookin' for my other coat."

"Won't you come in and see me, Jimmy? I haven't seen you for two whole days."

"In a minute," returned Jimmy.

Standing awkwardly in the doorway, he asked, "What'd you want?"

"Come over here, Jimmy," returned the mother. "My poor, neglected boy."

He would not let his eyes find the new baby. He stood stiffly on one foot, and gave his mother his hand. She drew him down and kissed his cheek, while he pecked at her lips. As Jimmy rose, his mother smiled.

"Are you hungry, Jimmy?"

The boy nodded a vociferous affirmative. Being a boy, one of the lowest orders of human creatures in point of intuitions, Jimmy could not know that his mother understood the rankle in her son's heart. Nor could he divine that she kept the supper dainties as peace offerings.

"Won't you have some of my supper?"

"Don't you want it?" returned the boy, to justify his greed.

"'What'd you want to take Annie's doll away from her for?'"

"No, Jimmy; I'm not hungry. I kept it all for you."

While her son sat on the floor, eating off the tray on the chair by the bed, his mother's hand was in his hair, stroking it lovingly. His sister and the other children looked in and saw him. Jimmy knew they were whispering "Hoggy!" but he did not heed them. His mother avoided mentioning the new baby to him; she made him tell her about his sore toe, and in return she told him how lonely she had been without him.

. . . "he pecked at her lips."

As his stomach filled, his heart overflowed, a common coincidence even with older and better boys than Jimmy, and the tears came to his eyes. At last, when the plate was cleared, he rose, and went to the place where the newcomer lay. He bent over the little puff in the bedclothes, and grinned sheepishly as he lifted the cover from the sleeping baby's face. He looked at the red features a moment curiously, and said in his loud, husky, boyish voice: "Hullo there, Miss Sears; how are you this evenin'?"

Then he pinched his mother's arm and walked out of the room, his soul at peace.

## ON THE FIELD.

By Mary Stewart Cutting.

God can give me strength to conquer,
  He will give me grace to lose!
I am bound to fight His battles
  In the way that He shall choose.
Beaten back and lying wounded,
  With no weapon in my hand,
I am just as much His soldier
  As the foremost of the band.

Dying, I still bear His colors
  In this oriflamme of pain,
And the triumph of the ages
  Is the triumph of the slain!
He has filled the meed of service
  Who but leaves a broken sword,
And the sorrows of the vanquished
  Are the glory of the Lord!

# THE CHIEF TRAIN-DESPATCHER'S STORY.

SOME CHAPTERS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN MANAGING A TRAIN-DESPATCHER'S OFFICE.—A PROMOTION BY FAVOR.—AN OPERATOR WHO COULD NOT KEEP AWAKE.—AN OPERATOR WHO COULD NOT BE DISCHARGED.—A YOUNG WOMAN AT THE KEY.

By Captain Jasper Ewing Brady, U. S. A.

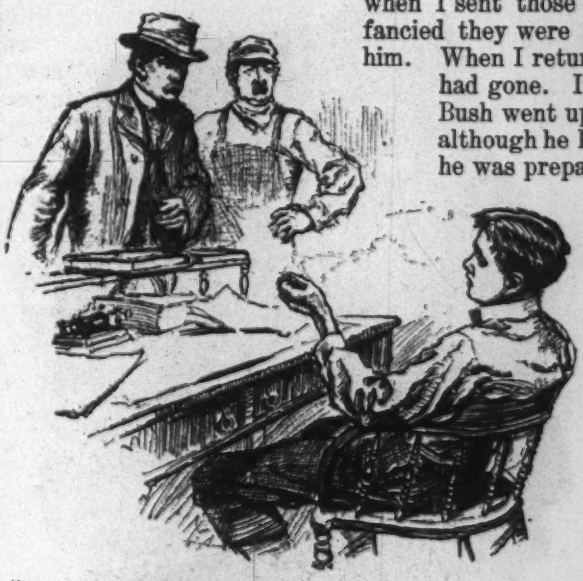
I HAD been on the C., N., & Q. about eight months when my second-trick man took sick, and being advised to seek a healthier climate, resigned and went South. Generally the chief despatcher's recommendation is enough to place a man in his office; and as I had always believed in seniority, I wanted to appoint the third-trick man to the second trick, make the day copy-operator third-trick man, and call in a new copy-operator to replace the night man who would be promoted to the day job. In fact, I had started the ball rolling to accomplish this end, when Mr. Antwerp, the superintendent, defeated my plan by peremptorily exercising his prerogative and appointing his nephew, John Krantzer, who had been night copy-operator, to the third trick. Krantzer was an excellent copy-operator; but he was very young, and he lacked that persistence and reliability so essential in a despatcher. I protested strongly against his appointment, but to no purpose. Finally, when I saw that the superintendent was not to be moved from his purpose to make his nephew a despatcher, I asked him to at least put the young man on the second trick, so that I could, in a measure, have him under my own eye. But no, nothing else than the third trick would satisfy him.

Krantzer struggled through the first night without actually killing anybody, but his train sheet the next morning showed delays on everything, with few satisfactory explanations. I reflected, however, that it was his first night, and I remembered my own similar experience, and simply submitted the sheet to Mr. Antwerp without comment. He wiped his glasses, carefully adjusted them on his aristocratic nose, and after glancing at the sheet for a few moments, said: "Ah! humph! Well! Well! Well! Not a very auspicious start, to be sure; but the boy will pick up. Just jack him up in pretty good shape, Bates; it will do him good."

The second night was not much of an improvement. The third night I was kept at the office until after eleven o'clock, and before going home I wrote Krantzer a note telling him to be very careful, and particularly informing him of two extras north that would leave Bradford, the lower end of the division, some time after 12.30 A.M., and directing him to run them as special freights having right of track over all trains except the passengers. Burke, the second-trick man, had everything running smoothly at the time I wrote my note, and I told Krantzer that, as it looked then, all he would have to do would be to keep them coming. No. 13, a fast freight south, had an engine that wasn't steaming very well, and I suggested to him to put her on a siding at Manitou—a delay of fifteen minutes would not hurt. I did everything except write the order, and that I couldn't do, because I couldn't tell just what the conditions might be when No. 13 reached the station above Manitou where she would get the order.

Krantzer succeeded in getting them started pretty well; but not content to let well enough alone, he thought he would let 13 run on to Burnsides, instead of putting her on the siding at Manitou, as I had suggested, and gave orders to that effect. After he had given the "complete," he told them to "fly." If he had given orders for the meeting at Burnsides also to the two extras, all would have been well; but this he was unable to do. Burnsides itself is only a day office, so, of course, he could not communicate with the extras there; and the extras had already passed Gloriana, the first night office south of Burnsides. The operator at Gloriana heard the order to 13, and told Krantzer it was a risky thing to do; but the latter told him to mind his own business, as he (Krantzer) could run that division.

No. 13 was pulled by engine 67, with Jim Bush at the throttle, and he was such a runner that he had earned the sobriquet of "Lightning Jimmie." While, early in the evening, he had reported that his engine was not steaming very well, he had got her to working well by this time. Burnsides is at the foot of a long grade from the north, and about a mile up the grade is a very abrupt curve. The two extras were bowling along merrily when they struck this grade; and although there is a time card rule that says trains will be kept ten minutes apart, they were right together, helping each other over the grade. In fact, it was one train with two engines, somewhat of a double-header, with the second engine in the middle. They had passed Burnsides, and were going on, expecting to meet 13 at Manitou, as originally ordered.



"... AND THERE SAT KRANTZER, AS COOL AS IF HE HAD NOT JUST KILLED THREE MEN."

In the meantime, Bush, pulling 13, had passed Manitou, and with thirty-eight heavy cars behind him was working her for all she was worth on the down grade, so as to get on the siding at Burnsides for the extras. He was carrying out Krantzer's order to "fly." And just as he turned the curve, he saw, not fifty yards away from him, the headlight of the first extra. To stop was out of the question. He whistled once for brakes, reversed his engine, and pulled her wide open, and then jumped! He landed safely enough, and beyond a broken right arm and a badly bruised leg, he was unhurt. His poor fireman, though, jumped on the other side, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks; and the head man and the engineer of the first extra were also killed. I had known many times of two trains being put in the hole; but this was the first time I had ever seen three of them so placed.

Krantzer had sense enough to order out the wrecker and send for me. I lost no time in getting over to the office, and there sat Krantzer, as cool as if he had not just killed three men by his carelessness and cost the company thousands of dollars. I had the superintendent called, and when he came in and learned what had occurred, his discomfiture was so great that I felt fully repaid for all my annoyance on his nephew's account. He directed me to go out to the wreck and report fully to him on arrival. I had Forbush called, and placed him in charge of the office during my absence. Incidentally, I told Krantzer he had better be away when I sent those crews in, because I fancied they were in a fit mood to kill him. When I returned I found that he had gone. It appeared that Jim Bush went up into the office, and although he had one arm broken, he was prepared to beat the life out of the young despatcher. Forbush saw him coming, and gave Krantzer a "tip," and as Bush came in one door, Krantzer went out the other.

### A SLEEPY-HEAD OPERATOR.

One morning I found the following note on the train sheet:

"No. 16 delayed forty-five minutes at Bentonville, account not being able to raise operator at Sicklen in that time. Called for explanation, and operator said he was over at hotel getting lunch."

A young man named Charles Ferral was the night man at Sicklen, and his ability as an operator was only exceeded by his ability to juggle the truth when he was in a tight place. I was too old an operator myself to be fooled by any such yarn as this; and, moreover, the conductor of 17 reported to me that he had found Ferral stretched out on the office table asleep. But he was a first-rate man, and I didn't want to lose him; so I wrote a short, sharp letter, and told him a repetition of the offense would cause him to receive his time instantly. He was as penitent as the prodigal son, and promised never to so offend again; and he kept his word—for just about ten days.

One morning he asked my permission to come up to "DS" on 2, and go back on 3, in the afternoon. I gave it, but warned him

to be careful and not lose too much sleep. The night following his return I was kept at the office until late, and about eleven o'clock, 22 appeared at Bakersville and wanted to run to Ashton for 17. They were both a little late, and as 17 had a heavy train of coal and empties, I told Burke to let them go. But the only station at which we could then get an order to 17 before she reached Ashton was Sicklen, Ferral's station. Burke began to call, but Sicklen made no answer. He called for forty minutes straight, 22 all the time waiting at Bakersville. He stopped for five minutes, and then went at it again. In ten minutes Sicklen answered. Burke started to give his order, but Sicklen said that 17 had gone by.

That settled it; 22 was hung up another hour all on account of Ferral's failure to attend to his duty. I opened up on him, and said, "Where have you been for the past fifteen minutes?" The same old excuse, "Lunch," came again.

"Well, where were you for ten minutes before that?"

Then that fine old stereotyped explanation, "Fixing my batteries," followed. But I was only too sure that he had been asleep and that 17 in going by had awakened him. So I gently told him that he would probably have ample time to fix batteries after this; that, in fact, I thought it would be well for him if he would take a course in battery work, and I would assist him all I could.

The next morning I laid the matter before Mr. Antwerp, and he wanted the man discharged forthwith. But my anger had cooled somewhat during the night, and I now felt inclined to give him another chance; so I urged that he simply be laid off for a while.

"All right, but make it a good stiff layoff—not less than fifteen days," said Mr. Antwerp.

I wrote to Ferral accordingly; but I had scarcely finished when in came a letter from Ferral to me, begging off and promising anything if I would not discharge him, but, instead, would lay him off for forty-five days. I took him at his word, and changed my letter, giving him the forty-five days he begged for, instead of the fifteen I had intended to give him. But about two weeks later, he came up to "DS," and looked so woe-begone and pleaded so hard to be taken back, that I remitted the rest of his punishment. He was greatly chagrined when he learned how he had trebled his own sentence. He has never been remiss since. Go over to the despatcher's office any night and you will see him, bright and alert, sitting opposite the despatcher doing the copying. He is in direct line of promotion, and some day will be the despatcher himself.

"HE HAD BEEN ASLEEP."

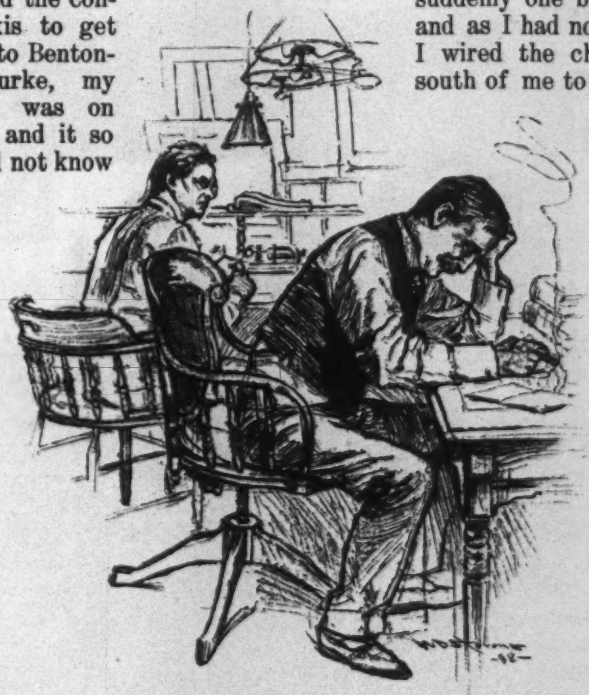
### A CONVICT OPERATOR.

In addition to the main line, I had a branch of thirty-eight miles, running from Bentonville up to Sandia. There were only two trains daily, a combination freight and passenger each way. The last station before Sandia was Alexis. There the State penitentiary was located, and the telegraphing was done by a convict "trusty"—a man who, having been appointed cashier of a big freight office in the western part of the State, couldn't stand prosperity, and, in consequence, had been sent up for six years. His ability as an operator was extraordinary. He had a smooth, easy way of sending that made his Morse as plain as a circus bill.

The two branch trains were known as 61

and 62, and one day 62, running north in the morning, had jumped the track, laying herself out about ten hours. When she left Sandia as No. 61 on her return trip, she again went off the track, and the result was sixteen hours' more delay. We wouldn't send the wrecker up from our headquarters, and they had to work out their own salvation. When they finally appeared at Alexis, they were running on the time of 62. That would never do, and the conductor asked Alexis to get him orders to run to Bentonville for 62. Burke, my second-trick man, was on duty at the time, and it so chanced that he did not know that the Alexis man was a convict. He was about to give the order asked for when something diverted him for a moment. When he was ready again, Alexis broke him and said, "Wait a minute."

To tell a despatcher to wait a minute when he is sending an order is to court sudden death, and Burke said, "Wait for what?"



"'DID YOU HEAR THAT YOUNG FELLOW'S IMPUDENCE?'"

"For whatever you please; I'm going to weigh coal."

Burke's Irish blood was all in his head by this time, and he said: "What do you mean by talking that way to me? 61 is waiting for this 9; now you copy, and I'll get your time sent you in the morning."

"Oh, will you! I guess my time is all fixed so you can't touch it. I wish you could; I'd like quite well to be fired from this job."

I had been sitting at my desk taking it all in, and was just about ready to expire of laughter, when Burke called over to me: "Did you hear that young fellow's impudence?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Well, what are you going to do about it? I've never had an operator talk to me like that before. I must certainly insist that you dismiss him. He and I can't work on the same road."

"Unfortunately," said I, "the State has a claim on his services for two years yet, and I'm afraid it won't waive it."

At this, it dawned upon Burke who and what the man was; but I can hardly say that his humor was improved at once by the discovery.

AN EPISODE OF SENTIMENT.

The night man at Bentonville quit rather suddenly one bright fall morning, and as I had no other in prospect, I wired the chief of the division south of me to send me one, if he had any to spare. That afternoon I received a message from him saying he had sent Miss Ellen Ross to take the place. I wasn't overfond of women operators, and on this account Miss Ross's welcome to my division was not a very hearty one. She was the first woman I had ever had under my jurisdiction. I was at the office quite late a night or two after this, and heard some of her work; there was no denying that she was a very smooth operator, as well as a very prompt one. Burke said that he had no complaint to offer; and I must confess I was rather chagrined. Some three weeks later, I came into the office one morning, and on looking over the train sheet, I saw the following in the delay column:

"No. 18 delayed fifty minutes, account not being able to raise the operator at Bentonville in that time; as an explanation, operator says she was over to the hotel getting her lunch."

I called up Bentonville, and asked if Miss Ross was there. She was, and I said: "Isn't it possible for you to invent a better excuse than lunch for your failure to answer last night?"

She replied that if I didn't like the excuse I knew what I could do. I caught my breath, and then I "*did*." I sent her time to her on 21, and a man to take her place.

A day or two after this, I was sitting in the division superintendent's office, he being out on the road, and I heard a voice say, "Is this Mr. Bates?"

I glanced up as I answered "Yes," and beheld a young woman of an air and appearance that fairly took my breath away. With all possible deference, I invited her to sit down and inquired what I could do for her.

She said timidly, "I am Miss Ross, lately night operator at Bentonville."

Her answer put me more off my ease than ever. But the discipline of the road had to be maintained; so as soon as I could, I put on my severest look and said, "Well?" She smiled slightly, in a way that made me doubt if she was imposed upon by my show of rigor, and said: "I came to see if you wouldn't take me back. I am sure I didn't mean to do wrong the other night. I have been an operator for nearly four years, and I have never had trouble before. I will promise to be very careful hereafter. Won't you please take me back?"

"'ARE YOU NOT DOING IT JUST BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN?'"

If she had only known it, I was by now of a mind to have given her the best job on the division, even my own; but I said: "A delay of fifty minutes to any train is bad enough, but to a through freight it is the worst possible. Then you say you were at the hotel for lunch. My recollection of the Bentonville station is that it is a mile from the hotel. Really, I don't see how anything can be done."

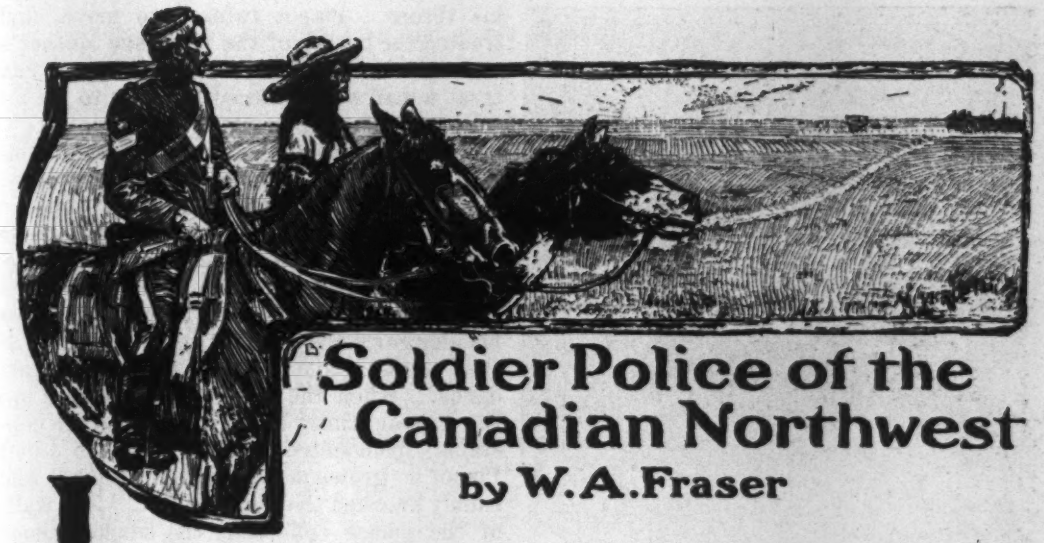
Discipline, you see, was being maintained in great shape. She looked up at me with her large black eyes; then two tears made their appearance on the scene, and she sobbed out: "Well, I admit I told a story when I made that excuse, but the despatcher was so sharp, and I was so scared when he said he had been calling me fifty minutes, that I told him the first thing that came into my mind. Then, the next day, I was angry at you because I thought you were chaffing me, and I suppose I was impudent. But do you think it is fair to discharge me for the same thing that you only gave Mr. Ferral fifteen days for? Are you not doing it just because I am a woman?"

When she cited the case of Ferral, I realized I had lost the game. I let myself down as easily as I could, and that evening Miss Ross went back to Bentonville, and the man there was put on the waiting list.

It is curious how often after this I had to run down to Bentonville. That Sandia branch line had to be inspected; the switchboard had to be replaced by a new one in "BN" office; wires had to be changed, a new ground put in, and many other things done; and always I had to go myself to see that the work was done properly. The next spring Miss Ross gave up the office of her own accord. About ten days afterwards I went away on a three weeks' leave. When I came back, Miss Ross came along—as Mrs. Martin N. Bates. She has often remarked to me:

"I paid you back for discharging me, didn't I?"

And she did.



# Soldier Police of the Canadian Northwest

by W. A. Fraser

IN 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from eastern Canada. That was the beginning of the Northwest Mounted Police. The following year, the force, 300 strong, marched to the Rocky Mountains. That was the beginning of the movement which has culminated in the dominating of the whole of the Northwest Territories by these men. Within a few years the force was increased to 500 men, and during the Riel rebellion it numbered 1,000. It was divided into ten divisions, each division being designated by a letter and the depot. In 1894, it was reduced to 750 men. Last year there were in the Northwest Territories 548 men; in the Yukon, 184. The ten divisions are posted in different parts of the Northwest. There are three divisional headquarters near the United States boundary line. In each division there are outposts, with from two to ten men each.

The police officers are: a commissioner and an assistant commissioner; and, in each division, a superintendent and two inspectors. At headquarters there are two extra inspectors, one as quartermaster and the other as paymaster. Five surgeons look after the health of the police at the principal posts. A veterinary surgeon and an assistant veterinary surgeon are attached to the force, while each division has a veterinary sergeant to look after the horses. The pay of these several officers is as follows: Commissioner, $2,600 per year; assistant commissioner, $1,600 per year; superintendents, $1,400 per year; inspectors, $1,000 per year; surgeons and veterinary surgeons, $1,000; staff sergeants, $1.25 to $2.00 per day; duty sergeants, $1.00 per day; corporals, 85 cents per day; constables, 50 to 75 cents per day.

The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. In winter fur coats and moccasins are worn when necessary. A serviceable khaki uniform and cowboy hat are used for rough work on the prairie in summer. In barracks the life is regulated on military principles. Every quarter or half hour the bugle calls the men to some duty—stables, parade, meals, lights out—just as in a military camp. The men have their rations, their mess, and their canteen. Each constable looks after his own horse. Each commissioned officer has a "batsman," or body servant, told off from among the constables. He pays this man $5.00 per month additional out of his own pocket. The batsman is relieved of guard and some other duties. Mechanics of all descriptions are employed in the force; they do most of the building, and all of the repairing to harness, wagons, buildings, etc.

That's the personnel of the N. W. M. P. on paper. A force of 750 men to guard a territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary of the United States, to the Arctic Ocean! How they can accomplish it with such efficiency as they do, guarding half a continent, peopled by warlike Indians, so well that a white man may walk from one end of it to the other, unarmed and alone, with greater security than he could pass from Castle Garden to Harlem in

SERGEANT McDONALD.

New York City, is just matter of wonder. Here are three illustrations; they, perhaps, picture the method:

When Piapot—restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving Piapot—and his swarthy, hawk-faced following of Crees and Saultaux, hundreds of them, spread the circles of their many smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, an Indian war, the driving out of the railway hands, or whatever other fanciful form of entertainment the fertile brain of Piapot might devise.

The Evil One must have looked down with satisfaction upon the assembly: there were navvies of wonderful and elastic moral construction; bad Indians with insane alcoholic aspirations; subservient squaws; and the keystone of the whole arch of iniquity—whisky. The railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order; and two policemen, two plain, red-coated, blue-trousered policemen, rode forth carrying her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a troop; not even a company. Even the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable. That was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from the good hunting-ground they had struck to a secluded place many miles away. It was like turning a king off his throne. Piapot refused to move, and treated the bearer of the Pale-face Mother's message as only a blackguard Indian can treat a man who is forced to listen to his insults without retaliating.

The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. The result was fifteen minutes of abuse—nothing more. The young bucks rode their ponies at the police horses, and jostled the sergeant and his companion. They screamed defiance at him, and fired their guns under his charger's nose and close to his head, as they circled about in their pony spirit-war-dance. When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket-line to the constable, dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's grotesquely painted tepee, and calmly knocked the key-pole out. The walls of the palace collapsed; the smoke-grimed roof swirled down like a drunken balloon about the ears of Piapot's harem. All the warriors rushed for their guns. But the sergeant continued methodically knocking key-poles out, and Piapot saw that the game was up. He had either got to kill the sergeant—stick his knife into the heart of the whole British nation by the murder of this unruffled soldier—or give in and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

Again: After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant of her Majesty the Queen. With 900 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An arrow's flight from his tepees was the Northwest Mounted Police post. One morning the police discovered six dead Saultaux Indians. They had been killed and scalped in the most approved Sioux fashion. Each tribe has a trade-mark of its own in the way of taking scalps: some are broad, some are long, some round, some elliptical, some more or less square. These six Indians had been scalped according to the Sioux design. Also a seventh Saultaux, a mere lad and still alive, had seen the thing done. The police buried the six dead warriors, and took the live one with them to the police post. Sitting Bull's reputation was not founded on his modesty, and with characteristic audacity he came, accompanied by four minor chiefs and a herd of hoodlum warriors, and made a demand for the seventh Saultaux—the boy.

There were twenty policemen backing Sergeant McDonald; with the chief there were at least 500 warriors; so what followed was really an affair of prestige more than of force. When Sitting Bull arrived at the lit-

tle picket gate of the post, he threw his squat figure from his pony, and in his usual generous, impetuous manner, rushed forward and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergeant McDonald's stomach, as though he would blow the whole British nation into smithereens with one pull of his finger. McDonald was of the sort that take things coolly—he was typical of the force. He quietly pushed the gun to one side, and told the five chiefs to step inside, as he was receiving that afternoon. When they passed through the little gate, he invited them to stack their arms in the yard, and come inside the shack and pow-wow. They demurred, but the sergeant was firm; finally the arms were stacked and the chiefs went inside to discuss matters with the police.

Outside the little stockade it was play-day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode, and whooped, and fired their guns; they disturbed the harmony of the afternoon tea, as the sergeant explained to Sitting Bull. "Send your men away," he told him.

The Sioux chief demurred again.

"Send them away," repeated the sergeant, "if you have any authority over them."

At a sign Sitting Bull and the chiefs made toward the door; but there were interruptions—red-coated objections. And the rifles of the chiefs were stacked in the yard outside. Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains; likewise was he a good general. He nodded approvingly at this *coup d'état*, and told one of the chiefs to go out and send the boys away.

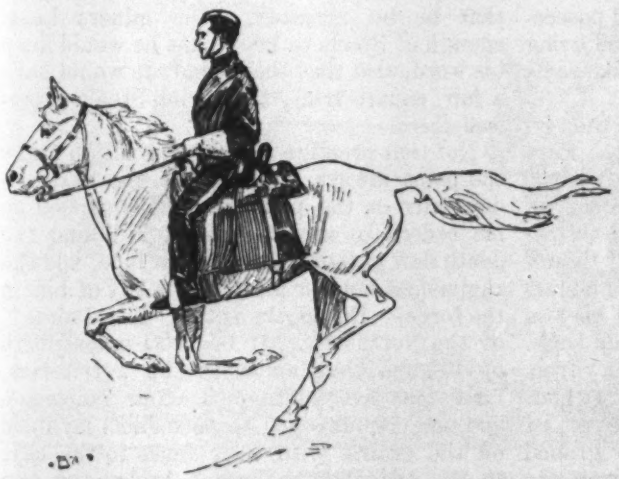
When the young bucks had withdrawn to their own camp, the sergeant persuaded Sitting Bull and the others to remain still a little longer, chiefly by force of the red-coated

ONE OF THE FORCE.

arguments he brought to bear upon them. "Tarry here, brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers of the dead Indians. The Saultaux are subjects of the Queen, and we cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing. Also has the boy told us who the murderers are."

Then Constable Collins—big Jack Collins, wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp, accompanied by two fellow-policemen, and arrested three of the slayers of the dead Indians. It was like going through the Inquisition for the fun of the thing. The Indians jostled and shoved them, reviled them, and fired their pistols and guns about their ears, whirled their knives and tomahawks dangerously close, and indulged in every other species of torment their vengeful minds could devise. But big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners, and steadily worked their way along to the post.

Not a sign of annoyance had escaped either of the constables up to the time a big Indian stepped up directly in front of Jack Collins and spat in his face. Whirra, whirroo! A big mutton-leg fist shot through the prairie air, and



ON LIGHT DUTY.

"HE PLANTED HIMSELF FIRMLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, AND VOWED TO KILL THE FIRST . . . THAT ATTEMPTED TO PASS."

the Sioux brave, with broken nose, lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "An' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!" Then he marched his prisoners into the post, and reported himself for misconduct for striking an Indian. The three prisoners were sent to Regina, and tried for the murder. I do not know whether Jack was punished for his handiwork or not, though it is quite likely that he was strongly censured at least.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand. One night it culminated in a riot. Sergeant Fury, a determined, bull-dog little man, was sent, with two constables, to arrest the ring-leaders. The gang had possession of a saloon. Fury walked in, and going straight up to the man he wanted, said: "Come with me; I arrest you."

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed for the door. It was like throwing a lamb among a cageful of hungry tigers. There was a mob of swaying, swearing miners in front of the little sergeant which his two assistants were vainly trying to keep back. A huge desperado made a rush at Fury from behind. He felt him coming, and without looking around fired point-blank over his shoulder, and brought him to the ground winged. It had a soothing effect upon the others, and the police got their prisoner out on the road before the crowd had time to get worked up into a passion again.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again. "There'll be some quare wurk this time," laughed Corporal Hetherington, for he was of the party. Just as they pulled their prisoner over a bridge which spanned a little stream, a figure came tearing down the road from the barracks with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. It was the commander, Major Steele, whom the noise of the fighting had roused from a bed of illness. He planted himself firmly in the middle of the bridge, and vowed to kill the first member of the mob that attempted to pass.

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested. The miners knew enough of Steele to know that he would keep his word, also that their comrade would have a fair, square trial; that much Steele promised them.

Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force. Duck Lake is the "Five Points" of the Northwest. It lies 100 miles north of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Last year five white men—four policemen and one civilian—and three Indians lay dead on the prairie with their faces to the sky, to the end that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be made whole again.

Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry, and killed a cow. The first little irregularity was that the cow belonged to somebody else. Therefore a sergeant of police and a half-breed guide rode forth to bring Almighty Voice before a magistrate. As they rode along they heard the report of a gun. They turned from the trail, and came suddenly upon the Indian and two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken. "Tell him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill *him!*" answered Almighty Voice.

Sergeant Colbrook rode quietly forward. The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant made him put it down again. "We have no authority to kill," he said. "We've come to arrest only. Tell him to lay down his arms," he added, as he rode steadily forward.

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his code, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another pace, and the fire belched from the muzzle of the Cree's gun, and Sergeant Colbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

That was the beginning. A price was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles west and a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice. While they scoured the land far and wide, Almighty Voice lived for many moons shielded by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic. Then Almighty Voice appeared upon the scene, and the scout was soon galloping for dear life—for the little life that was left him, for a bullet had gone crashing through his back, and the slayer of Sergeant Colbrook was running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail. Bending low along his horse's neck, the scout rode with reeling brain. One clutch of those dark, sinewy hands in his steed's tail, and the next instant a knife would be at his throat. The horse gained a little—the prey was escaping. The pursuer stopped for an instant, and his fierce black eyes gleamed along a gun-barrel. The bullet cut through the cowboy hat of the scout, and severed the woven-hair bridle between the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap. In the morning the police were reconnoitering from a little hill. Allen saw three vertical blots on the landscape. As

"'IF HE ADVANCES I'LL KILL HIM,' ANSWERED ALMIGHTY VOICE."

"THEY SCOURED THE LAND FAR AND WIDE."

he looked they scampered into a bluff on all fours like deer. "That's an old game," he said. "They are the men we're after."

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late. He heard the bone of his right arm snap like a piece of glass, and his hand swung limp as a rag at his side. The bullet from Almighty Voice's rifle had smashed through his arm close to the shoulder. The exchange of leaden cards had been mutual. A 44 bullet from Allen's revolver had scorched its way through Almighty Voice's ankle.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled like a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance, he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice. He knelt for the space of five seconds looking into the face of death, expecting every minute the crash of the leaden messenger. Without uncovering his wounded quarry, the Indian pointed with two fingers, and said, "Throw me your cartridge belt."

The Captain understood: the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for defense. Where he stood in the edge of the bush he was covered, and would not expose himself by coming out to finish his man with a knife. "Throw me your cartridges or I'll kill you," he said in Cree.

"Never!" answered Allen.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches. A constable had sighted the Indian; the latter jumped back among the trees.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green. Then three constables—Hawkin, Kerr, and Lundy—crept in through the thick, dangerous undergrowth of the bluff to drive them

"BENDING LOW ALONG HIS HORSE'S NECK, THE SCOUT RODE WITH REELING BRAIN."

out. Their few comrades keeping guard on the outside heard at irregular intervals the rifles speak, but no message came from the deep shadows of the aspens. No fleeing Indian darted into the open; no smoke-grimed, red-coated policeman struggled forth holding a dark captive. There was nothing but the occasional sharp crack of a rifle, the yell of defiance of an Indian, and then silence—heavy, oppressive silence. After a time there was nothing but silence, no call from the constables to their friends on the outside, no word from the rifles—nothing but the ominous stillness. The hearts of the watchers grew heavy, and well they might, for the three brave troopers were lying with their white, set faces looking up at the blue vault, their bodies torn by the bullets that had been fired at them from the distance of a few paces.

With the persistence characteristic of the force, two men, O'Kelly and Cook, went in to do what three had failed to accomplish. As he wormed his way along on his stomach, O'Kelly made a discovery. The Indians, with devilish ingenuity, had made three runways leading up to a certain point by breaking the small bushes off close to the ground. These led to a death-trap—a pit dug by the Indians with their knives. At the other end of each was a hawk-eyed Indian with a leveled rifle. It was in these little runways that the three policemen had been shot.

The two constables avoided the paths, and kept to the thick growth. Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-colored legs in front of him. Thinking it was one of his dead comrades, he reached out to pull the body back. As he did so the feet were wrenched violently from his grasp, and disappeared over the embankment into the pit. The rifles belched forth in his very face, and an Indian sprang up on the embankment to get a better shot at him. A bullet from O'Kelly's rifle went crashing through the redskin's brain. The constable flattened his body out, and hugged his mother earth as though he loved her. A shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur from off his heel.

Ten feet away Cook was lying flat and motionless behind the dead limb of a fallen tree. He saw the smoke of the rifle from the Indians' pit, but he did not see the pair of lynx-like eyes motionless as the rock of Gibraltar that watched steadily the limb that covered his face. Cautiously he raised his head a few inches. There was a sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and bark and chips were driven into his eyes with terrific force.

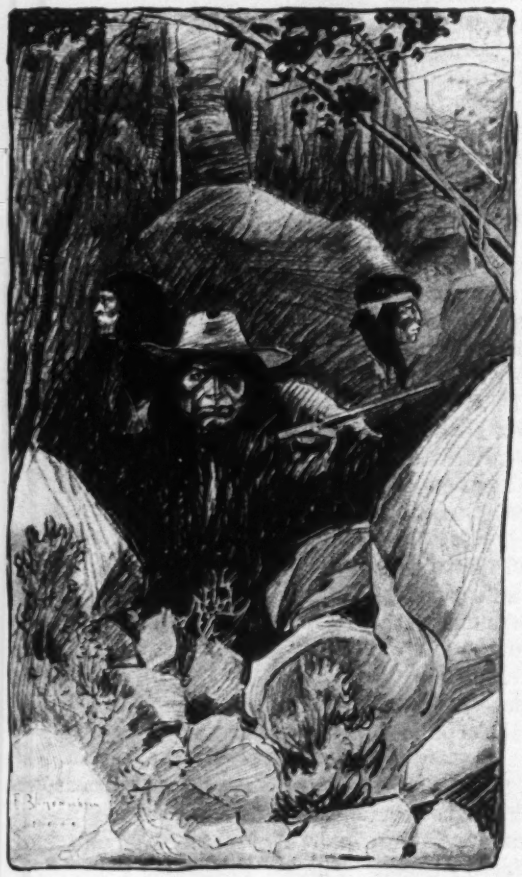
"THREE CONSTABLES . . . CREPT IN THROUGH THE THICK, DANGEROUS UNDERGROWTH OF THE BLUFF."

Luckily the aim had been a little low, the bullet had glanced.

They recovered one of their wounded companions a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them. All that night they guarded the bluff. Once Almighty Voice tried to creep out, but was driven back. In the morning a little trail and a crutch dropped from the blood-stained hands of the Indian showed where he had tried to escape. About midnight Almighty Voice called to the police: "Brothers, we've had a good fight to-day. I've worked hard and am hungry. You've plenty of grub; send me in some. To-morrow we'll finish the fight."

The next day the fight was like a Roman

spectacle. A small hill near by was covered by Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there and crooned a weird death-song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave. She screamed defiance to the police—her son would slay many more of them. But his end was drawing near. A field-gun had been brought up from Regina; a few shells were thrown into the bluff, and then a charge was made. It was difficult charging through that thick growth, but when the smoke cleared away, the pit held three dead Indians, and it was "all quiet along the Saskatchewan" once more.



"A HAWK-EYED INDIAN WITH A LEVELED RIFLE."

Many special bodies of troops in Europe, such as the Guards, are filled with men over six feet. In the Northwest the need is different. Abnormally large men would only be an incumbrance on the long rides, breaking down both themselves and their horses. A combination of sinew, strength, endurance, brain, and a fair moral tone is necessary to make up the man who is expected to ride oftentimes day and night without eating or sleeping, to hold his own in a foot-race or a fight with a swift Indian or half-breed; and also show by example that the Northwest Territories are to be developed and governed along the lines of order and industry. The returns from the different posts show that physically the men are admirably fitted to fill this bill. In height their average runs about five feet nine inches, with a chest measurement of thirty-eight and one-half inches. Recruits are subjected to a searching medical examination before being taken on. The aim is "to make it a most difficult force to get into, and an easy one to get out of." The result is a fine body of contented men and few desertions.

In addition to their actual duties as peace officers, the police are supposed to gather for the Government information on every subject under the sun—the sun that shines between the forty-ninth parallel and the Arctic Ocean: the state of the crops, the condition of the ranches, the breeds of horses and cattle most suitable to their individual localities; their opinions on the different ordinances relating to the protection of cattle ranches; even statistical returns to show where the best markets are and how they should be reached. Should a rancher kill a steer and bring the carcass in for sale, the law says that he must also bring the hide bearing his brand to show that in a moment of forgetfulness he has not killed his neighbor's animal. The police must see that he does this. They must have constructive ability, and report on roads and bridges, and different modes of transit—from the humble cayuse to the swift-rushing railway. The settlers arriving in the country are under the watchful eye of these guardians; their physical, moral, and financial conditions are duly observed and reported to headquarters. If the Mormon settlement or the colony of the Mennonites have 900 cattle and 600 sheep, those in authority will know it, for a "Rider of the Plains" will have it all jotted down in his note-book. Just how much gold per day the miner takes from the sands of the Saskatchewan is also known; and how much he pays a ton for the coal he burns during the long winter months. You will find in the blue book a list of the questions Li Hung Chang asked when he paid a flying visit to Galgary. Pork-packing and poultry-raising

are not beneath notice; and intelligent advice is given, backed up by facts and figures, as to how these industries may be better followed. Nothing escapes the vigilance of these alert policemen.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and athirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln. No more exciting picture was ever drawn than the sight of two policemen, with two wet blankets knotted together and trailing the ground, galloping one on either side of a line of leaping hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire line they will put out in this way.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a prohibition state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always the man was respectable. These permits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times. A saloon-keeper with friends who held permits could store a large stock of smuggled liquor and snap his fingers at the police. It was an article of faith that men who tried to bring in liquor by means lawful or otherwise were public benefactors; while the police, who were trying to interrupt this wholesome trade, were men to be put far astray and shrined on a hog's back.

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men stricken with a thirst engendered of life in that high, dry atmosphere. A consignment of Bibles to Edmonton proved full of a spirituous consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature. That the Bibles were tin did not matter in the slightest.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carney, once ran a car-load of smuggled whisky into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after many ups and downs confiscated most of it. "It was a sight to make your heart ache, sor," the sergeant who told me about it assured me. "A car-load of whisky spilled out on the ground before a squad of men thirsty to their very sowls. Surely a little keg wouldn't have been missed from all that lot—a wee little keg," he added plaintively.

Upon another occasion, when there had been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg." The ruby-tinted nectar had gurgled forth and sunk into the parched earth before the eyes of a thirsty file of inwardly groaning policemen. But when the bugle piped melodiously for stables, there was not a corporal's guard to feed the many horses; and the superintendent took counsel with himself, and went on a tour of inspection. He jabbed viciously with his walking-stick at the brown spot of earth where the liquor, many times emptied, had burned away the grass. His stick went through the crust of earth, and struck something which gave back a hollow, complaining sound. It was the bottom of a tub. On top of the tub was an old iron grate; on top of that the earth. It was a very peculiar geological formation, not described in any of the works. The superintendent spoke never a word, for silence is a gold coin studded with rubies; doubtless some wicked men had put it there to bring discredit upon the force. When the next lot of seized liquor was to be emptied, he said to the sergeant: "We'll take this to a new place, and give the grass a chance to grow in the old spot."

Next to guarding against the smuggling of whisky, the watching of the border line for horse and cattle thieves was probably the most severe of the police duties. A magnificent system of patrol extends along the whole southern side of the British territories from Winnipeg to the Rockies, close to the forty-ninth parallel, which divides the two countries. The patrol usually consists of two policemen, one riding a horse and the other in a buckboard. Rude shelters, perhaps sod-huts, are erected along the trail at forty-mile intervals. The two men start west from, say, Post A, and at the same time two men start east from Post B. They travel forty miles per day until they meet and exchange notes. Then they make a detour to the south, touching the American line, and back thus to their respective posts. Each patrol carries a book containing a printed set of questions. This book is shown to each settler along the patrol route. If he has any complaint to make, he notes it therein; if not, he signs the book. Should the policemen observe any fresh trail from over the border crossing their route, they follow it up and overhaul the travelers. If all does not seem square and above-board, they arrest them and take them in to the nearest post.

Thus the hundreds of miles of open prairie are patrolled almost daily like the streets of a great city. Many cases of cattle and horse stealing have been detected by these means, the stolen animals recovered, and the robbers punished. At one time thieves used to run off horses from the Fort McLeod region, work them northward 300 miles, above Edmonton, east along the Saskatchewan, and trade them off for cattle, which they drove back and sold to the very owners of the horses. The police have stopped all that. Murderers and desperadoes often drift across the line from Montana. These are always caught, and returned to the United States officers. The killing of cattle by Indians has been just about stamped out.

In 1896, the United States authorities returned to Canada some hundreds of Cree Indians who had taken refuge there at the time of the Riel rebellion. These Indians were afraid to come back; they were inclined to be ugly. Parties of United States cavalry escorted them to the border. There, much to the astonishment of the United States officers, the turbulent Indians were taken charge of by three mounted policemen, and handled as easily as a lot of school children. It is the even justice with which the Indian has been handled on the Canadian side that makes this possible, or that makes it possible for one or two policemen to go into a large camp and bring away a prisoner.

The Blackfoot tribe is the most warlike within the Canadian borders. Years ago they had a mighty chief named Crowfoot. Whites and Indians all concur in the opinion that he was the greatest Indian, in all respects, that ever lived. He was a noble old savage and proud as Lucifer; so when a sergeant of police and two constables came to his tribe and demanded that two braves who had committed some crime be delivered up to them, he objected haughtily; but finally consented on condition that he might go and see the trial. When the case was finished and even-handed justice had been meted out, Crowfoot said: "This is a place where the forked tongue is made straight. When my people do wrong, they shall come here." And since that time it has always been so.

The armament of the force consists of a carbine, usually a 45–75 Winchester, and a 44 Enfield revolver. The men carry neither sword nor spear. The force is supposed to be, as occasion demands, either cavalry, field artillery, or infantry. The artillery armament consists of six seven-pounder guns, four nine-pounders, two mortars, and two Maxim machine guns.

Each constable has a horse allotted to him. The horses are all purchased in the Northwest Territories at an average price of $60 per head. A record is kept of each horse's mileage, and they are all carefully looked after by veterinary surgeons and sergeants. At the end of the year an exhaustive report upon the condition of the horses is returned; also upon the quality of the hay and grain supplied by contract for their use. Each horse is branded, and has his regimental number stamped upon the wall of his hoof. *En bloc* they are known as "the herd."

Many a cold, bitter ride, a ride close unto death—yes even through the grim portals sometimes—the riders of these horses have. Winter or summer, sunshine or arctic cold, far or near, the duty must be done. Like the fear of the "black death" in the East is the dread of the scourge of the Northern plains—the blizzard. Against the insane strength of a blizzard the power of a human being is like a feather going over the Niagara cataract. A constable may start out as Corporal Crane did, ten years ago, on his way to Pen d'Oreille to look up some strayed horses. The sun was shining brightly, the air was calm and still. After a while the sky became gray, and little, fine, sharp-cutting chips of snow began to fly and the wind began to rise. Soon it was a full-defined snow-storm, with the wind driving. The snow piled up until it grew hard to travel. The trail had vanished, and the plain was a white, heaving sea. The marrow in the corporal's bones was thickening up, and his blood was sluggish and cold. Then, his eyes! The bits of frozen steel were driving the sight out, the white fall of snow was bleaching the retina.

He slipped from the saddle, for he was growing sleepy sitting there in the cold. Walking might keep the life in until the horse led him somewhere—he was blind now! Holding to the stirrup, he trudged along. Suddenly he stumbled, the stirrup leather slipped from his stiffened fingers. Roused for an instant by the fall, he groped blindly about the frozen snow for the horse. His hands encountered nothing but the wind-driven bits of steel. He traveled in a little circle, once, twice. His comrades saw the tracks three days later. At the end of the second circle they found his body. The horse had come back to barracks dripping wet.

The spirit of *camaraderie* is strong among these riders of the plains. In the force or

out, "acting" or "ex," it is all the same: he is or was "one of us." During the Riel rebellion the police were always in the front. It was at the taking of Batoche that Jack French, a big, generous, hard-fighting Irishman, an inspector of police, gave one instance of this comrade-love. There had been a hot scrimmage, and the troops were forced to retire. A wounded policeman was left lying on the field. Jack French saw him, and standing up, shouted in a brogue with the music of an organ in it, "What are you doing there, Cook?"

"I'm wounded," came back a faint call.

"It's meself 'll carry ye in, then!" and down he marched, whistling gayly to himself as the bullets came spishing by him, throwing up little clouds of dust here and there all about as he marched along. Two bullets cut their way through the skirt of his tunic. "They're getting them pretty close now," muttered Jack, but he was only a few feet away from Cook.

May it be remembered to the credit of the half-breed rebels that when they realized what noble Jack French's mission was they ceased fire. And when he swung his wounded comrade up on his broad shoulders and started back with him, a cheer ran through the whole line of rebel redoubts until the prairie grass trembled with the vibration of the beaten wind. He brought Cook safely back to camp, and then went back again to the fighting that he loved so well. His reward was not the V. C., for within half an hour he was stretched out dead, probably by one of the very men who had cheered him. Cook still lives; he is in government employ in the Northwest.

In the annals of the police there are heroic stories of this sort enough to fill a mighty volume, perhaps even stronger tales than I have told here.

# THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

## A NOVEL.

By Booth Tarkington.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

By five years of hard, often disheartening, labor, John Harkless, "a young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the town of Plattville. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; he has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and he has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Fisbee, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. A fair visitor now arrives in town—Helen Sherwood, related, apparently, in some wise to Fisbee. Harkless goes one night to call on her, and is fired at by the White Caps. She exposes herself to the fire by running to his assistance. So far as he recalls, he has never seen her before; but he finds in her the realization of many a fond dream. They go together next day to see a circus parade. There Harkless breaks up the game of a pair of confidence men; and in the crowd and excitement, he is again secretly assailed by the White Caps, but comes off without injury.

### CHAPTER VI.

GLAD AFTERNOON.—THE GIRL BY THE BLUE TENT-POLE.

THEY walked slowly back along the pike toward the brick house. He was stooping very much as they walked. He wanted to be told that he could look at her for a thousand years. The small face was rarely and exquisitely modeled, but, perhaps, just now the salient characteristic of her beauty (for the salient characteristic seemed to be a different thing at different times) was the coloring, a delicate glow under the white skin, a glow that bewitched him in its seeming to reflect the rich benediction of the noonday sun that blazed overhead.

Once he had thought the way to the Briscoe homestead rather a long walk, but now the distance sped malignantly; strolled they never so slow, it was less than a "young bird's flutter from a wood." With her acquiescence he rolled a cigarette, and she began to hum lightly the air of a song, a song of ineffably gentle, slow movement.

That, and a reference of the morning, and, perhaps, the smell of his tobacco mingling with the fragrance of her roses, awoke again the old reminiscence of the night before. A clearly outlined picture rose before him: the high, green slopes and cool cliff-walls of the

coast of Maine, and the sharp little estuary waves he lazily watched through half-closed lids while the pale smoke of his cigarette blew out under the rail of a waxen deck where he lay cushioned. And again a woman pelted his face with handfuls of rose-petals and cried: "Up, lad, and at 'em! Yonder is Winter Harbor." Again he sat in the oak-raftered casino, breathless with pleasure, and heard a young girl sing the "Angel's Serenade," a young girl who looked so bravely unconscious of the big, hushed crowd that listened, looked so pure and bright and gentle and good, that he had spoken of her as "Sir Galahad's little sister." He had been much taken with this child, but he had not thought of her from that time to this, he supposed; he had almost forgotten her. No! Her face suddenly stood out to his view as though he saw her with his physical eye—a sweet and vivacious child's face, with light-brown hair, and gray eyes, and a short upper lip like a curled rose-leaf. And the voice——

He stopped short. "You are Tom Meredith's little cousin!"

"The Great Harkless," she answered, and stretched out her hand to him.

"I remember you!"

"Isn't it time?"

"Ah, but I never forgot you," he cried. "I thought I had. I didn't know who it was I was remembering. I thought it was fancy, and it was memory. I never forgot your voice, singing—and I remembered your face, too, though I thought I didn't." He drew a deep breath. "*That* was why——"

"Tom has not forgotten you," she said, as he paused.

"Would you mind shaking hands once more?" he asked.

She gave him her hand again. "With all my heart. Why?"

"I'm making a record at it, that's all. Thank you."

"They called me 'Sir Galahad's little sister' all one summer because the Great John Harkless called me that. You danced with me in the evening."

"Did I?"

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "you were too busy being in love with pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt to remember a waltz with only me! I was allowed to meet you as a reward for singing my very best, and you—you bowed with the indulgence of a grandfather, and asked me to dance."

"Like a grandfather! How young I was then! How time changes us!"

"I'm afraid my conversation did not make a great impression upon you," she continued.

"But it did. I am remembering very fast. If you will wait a moment, I will tell you some of the things you said."

The girl laughed merrily. Whenever she laughed he realized that it was becoming terribly difficult not to tell her how adorable she was. "I wouldn't risk it, if I were you," she warned him, "because I didn't speak to you at all. I shut my lips tight and trembled all over, every bit of the time I was dancing with you. I did not sleep, that night, and I was unhappy, wondering what the Great Harkless would think of me. I knew he thought me unutterably stupid because I couldn't talk to him. I wanted to send him word that I knew I had bored him. I couldn't endure that he shouldn't know that *I* knew I had. But he was not thinking of me in any way. He had gone to sea again in his white boat, the ungrateful pirate, cruising with Mrs. Van Skuyt."

"How time does change us!" said John. "You are wrong, though. I did think of you. I have al——"

"Yes," she interrupted, tossing her head in airy travesty of the stage coquette, "you think so—I mean, you say so—now. Away with you and your blarneying!"

And so they went through the warm noontide, and little he cared for the heat that wilted the fat mullein leaves and made the barefoot boy who passed by skip gingerly through the burning dust with anguished mouth and watery eye. Little he knew of the katydid that suddenly whirred its mills of shrillness in the maple tree and sounded so hot, hot, hot; or that other that railed at the country quiet from the dim, cool shade around the brick house; or even the rain-crow that sat on the fence and swore to them in the face of a sunny sky that they should see rain ere the day were done. Little the young man recked of what he ate at Judge Briscoe's good noon dinner: chicken wing and young roas'n'-ear, hot rolls as light as the fluff of a summer cloudlet, and honey and milk, and apple-butter flavored like spices of Arabia, and fragrant, flaky cherry pie, and cool, rich, yellow cream. Lige Willetts was a lover, yet he said he asked no better than to just go on eating that cherry pie till a sweet death overtook him; but railroad sandwiches and restaurant chops might have been set before Harkless for all the difference it would have made to him.

At no other time is a man's feeling of companionship with a woman so strong as when he sits at table with her—not at a "decorated" and becatered and bewaitered table, but at a homely, appetizing, wholesome, home table like old Judge Briscoe's. The very essence of the thing is domesticity, and the implication is utter confidence and liking. There are few greater dangers for a bachelor. An insinuating imp perches on his shoulder, and, softly tickling the bachelor's ear with the feathers of an arrow shaft, whispers: "Pretty gay, isn't it, eh? Rather pleasant to have that girl sitting there, don't you think? Enjoy having her notice your butter-plate was empty? Think it exhilarating to hand her those rolls? Looks nice, doesn't she? Says, 'Thank you,' rather prettily? Makes your lonely breakfast seem mighty dull, doesn't it? How would you like to have her pour your coffee for you to-morrow, my boy? How would it seem to have such pleasant company all the rest of your life? Pretty cheerful, eh? It's *my* conviction that your one need in life is to pick her up in your arms and run away with her, not anywhere in particular, but just run and run and run away!"

After dinner they went out to the veranda, and the gentlemen smoked. The Judge set his chair down on the ground, tilted back in it with his feet on the steps, and blew a wavery, domed city up in the air. He called it solid comfort. He liked to sit out from under the porch roof, he said; he wanted to see more of the sky. The others moved their chairs down to join in the celestial vision. A feathery, thin cloud or two had been fanned across it, but save for these, there was nothing but glorious and tender, brilliant blue. It seemed so clear and close one marveled the little church spire in the distance did not pierce it; yet at the same time, the eye ascended miles and miles into warm, shimmering ether. Far away two buzzards swung slowly at anchor, half-way to the sun.

"'O bright, translucent, cerulean hue,
Let my wide wings drift on in you,'"

Harkless quoted, pointing them out to Helen.

"You seem to get a good deal of fun out of this kind of weather," observed Lige, as he wiped his brow and shifted his chair into the shade.

"I expect you don't get such skies as this up in Rouen?" said the Judge, looking at the girl from between his lazily half-closed eyelids.

"It's the same Indiana sky, I think," she answered.

"I guess maybe in the city you don't see as much of it, or think as much about it, then. Yes, they're the Indiana skies," the old man went on;

"'Skies as blue
As the eyes of children when they smile at you.'

There aren't any others anywhere that ever seemed much like them to me. They've been company for me all my life. I don't think there are any others half as beautiful, and I know there aren't any as sociable. They were always so." He sighed gently, and Miss Sherwood fancied his wife must have found the Indiana skies as lovely as he had in the days of long ago. "Seems to me they *are* the softest and bluest and kindest in the world."

"I think they are," said Helen, "and they are more beautiful than the 'Italian skies,' though I doubt if many of us Hoosiers realize it, and certainly no one else does."

The old man leaned over, and patted her hand. Harkless gasped. "'Us Hoosiers'!" chuckled the judge. "You're a great Hoosier, young lady! How much of your life have you spent in the State? 'Us Hoosiers'!"

"But I'm going to be a good one," she answered, gayly, "and if I'm good enough, when I grow up maybe I'll be a great one."

The buckboard had been brought around, and the four young people climbed in, Harkless driving. Before they started, the Judge, standing on the horse-block in front of the gate, leaned over and patted Miss Sherwood's hand again. Harkless gathered up the reins.

"You'll make a great Hoosier, all right," said the old man, beaming upon the girl. "You needn't worry about that, I guess, my dear."

When he said "my dear," Harkless spoke to the horses.

"Wait," said the Judge, still holding the little hand. "You'll make a great Hoosier, some day, don't fret. You're already a very beautiful one." Then he bent his white head, and kissed her gallantly.

"Good-afternoon, Judge," said John. The whip cracked, and the buckboard dashed off in a cloud of dust.

"Every once in a while, Harkless," the old fellow called after them, "you must remember to look at the team."

The enormous white tent was filled with a hazy, yellow light, the warm, dusty, mellow

light that thrills the rejoicing heart because it is found nowhere else in the world except in the tents of a circus, the canvas-filtered sunshine and sawdust atmosphere of show-day.

Here swayed a myriad of palm-leaf fans; here paraded blushing youth and rosy maiden more relentlessly arm-in-arm than ever; here crept the octogenarian, Mr. Bodeffer, shaking on cane and the shoulder of posterity; here waddled Mr. Snoddy, who had hurried through the animal tent for fear of meeting the elephant; here marched sturdy yeomen and stout wives; here came William Todd and his true-love, the good William hushed with the embarrassments of love, but looking out warily with the white of his eye for Mr. Martin and determined not to sit within a hundred yards of him; here rolled in the orbit of habit the town bacchanal, Mr. Wilkerson, who politely answered in kind all the uncouth roarings and guttural ejaculations of jungle and fen that came from the animal tent—in brief, here came with lightest heart the population of Carlow and part of Amo.

Helen had found a true word; it was a big family. Jim Bardlock, broadly smiling and rejuvenated, shorn of depression, paused in front of the "reserve" seats with Mrs. Bardlock on his arm, and called loudly to a gentleman on a tier about the level of Jim's head: "How are ye? I reckon we were a *leetle* too smart fer 'em, this morning, huh?" Five or six hundred people—every one within hearing—turned to look at Jim, but the gentleman addressed was engaged in conversation with a lady and did not notice.

"Hi! Hi there! Say! Mr. Harkless!" bellowed Jim, informally. The people turned to look at Harkless. His attention was arrested, and his cheek grew red.

"What is it?" he asked, a little confused and a good deal annoyed.

"I don't hear what ye say," shouted Jim, putting his hand to his ear.

"What is it?" repeated the young man. "I'll kill that fellow to-night," he added to Lige Willetts. "Some one ought to have done it long ago."

"*What?*"

"I said, WHAT IS IT?"

"I jest wanted to say me and you certainly did fool these here Hoosiers this morning. Hustled them two fellers through the court-house, and nobody thought to slip round t' the other door and head us off. Ha, ha! We were jest a *leetle* too many fer 'em, huh?"

From an upper tier of seats the rusty length of Mr. Martin erected itself, joint by joint, like an extension ladder, and he peered down over the gaping faces at the town marshal. "Excuse me," he said sadly to those behind him, but his dry voice penetrated everywhere; "I got up to hear Jim say 'We' again."

Mr. Bardlock joined in the laugh against himself, and proceeded with his wife to some seats forty or fifty feet distant. When he had settled himself comfortably, he shouted over cheerfully to the unhappy editor: "Them shell-men got it in fer you, Mr. Harkless."

"Hain't that fool shet up *yit!*" snarled the aged Mr. Bodeffer, indignantly. He was sitting near the young couple, and the expression of his sympathy was distinctly audible to them and many others. "Got no more regards than a brazing calf—disturbin' a feller with his sweetheart!"

"The both of 'em says they're going to do fer ye," bleated Mr. Bardlock; "swears they'll ketch their evens with ye."

Mr. Martin rose again. "Don't git scared and leave town, Mr. Harkless," he called out; "Jim'll protect you!"

Vastly to the young man's relief, the band began to play, and the equestrians and equestriennes capered out from the dressing-tent for the "grand entrance," and the performance commenced. Through the long summer afternoon it went on: wonders of horsemanship and horsewomanship, hair-raising exploits on wires tight and slack, giddy tricks on the high trapeze, feats of leaping and tumbling in the rings, while the tireless musicians blatted inspiringly through it all, only pausing long enough to allow that riotous jester, the clown, to ask the ring-master what he would do if a young lady came up and kissed him on the street, and to explode his witticisms during short intervals of rest for the athletes.

When it was over, John and Helen found themselves in the midst of a densely packed crowd, and separated from Miss Briscoe and Lige. People were pushing and shoving, and he saw her face grow pale. He realized with a pang of sympathy how helpless he would feel if he were as small as she and at his utmost height could only see big, suffocating backs and huge shoulders pressing down from above. He was keeping them from crowding heavily upon her with all his strength, and a royal feeling of protectiveness came over him. She was so little. And yet, without the remotest hint of hardness, she gave him such a distinct impression of poise and equilibrium; she seemed so able to

meet anything that might come, to understand it—even to laugh at it—so Americanly capable and sure of the event that, in spite of her pale cheek, he could not feel quite so protective as he wished to feel.

He managed to get her to one of the tent-poles, and placed her with her back to it. Then he set one of his own hands against it, over her head, braced himself, and stood keeping a little space about her and ruggedly letting the crowd surge against him as it would. No one should touch her in rough carelessness.

"Thank you. It was rather trying in there," she said, and looked up into his eyes with a divine gratitude.

"Please don't do that," he answered in a low voice.

"Do what?"

"Look like that."

She not only looked like that, but more so. "Young man, young man," she said, "I fear you're wishful of turning a girl's head."

The throng was thick around them, garrulous and noisy, but they two were more richly alone together, to his appreciation, than if they stood on some far satellite of Mars. He was not to forget that moment, and he kept the picture of her, as she leaned against the big blue tent-pole there, in his heart: the clear, gray eyes lifted to his, the piquant face with the delicate flush stealing back to her cheeks, and the brave little figure that had run so straight to him out of the night-shadows. There was something about her and in the moment that suddenly touched him with a saddening sweetness too keen to be borne; the forget-me-not finger of the flying hour that could not come again was laid on his soul, and he felt the tears start from his heart on their journey to his eyes. He knew that he should always remember that moment. She knew it, too. She put her hand to her cheek, and turned away from him a little tremulously. Both were silent.

They had been together since early morning. Plattville was proud of him. Many a friendly glance from the folk who jostled about them favored his suit and wished both of them well; and many lips, opening to speak to Harkless in passing, closed when their owners (more tactful than Mr. Bardlock) looked a second time.

Old Tom Martin, still perched alone on his high seat, saw them standing by the tent-pole, and watched them from under his rusty hat-brim. "I reckon it's be'n three or four thousand years sence I was young," he sighed to himself; then, pushing his hat still further down over his eyes, "I don't believe I'd ort to rightly look on at that." He sighed again as he rose, and gently spoke the name of his dead wife: "Marjie, I reckon you're mighty tired waitin' for me. It's be'n lonesome, sometimes——"

"Do you see that tall old man up there?" said Helen, nodding her head toward Martin. "I think I should like to know him. I'm sure I like him."

"That is old Tom Martin."

"I know."

"I was sorry and ashamed about all that conspicuousness and shouting. It must have been very unpleasant for you; it must have been so for a stranger. Please try to forgive me for letting you in for it."

"But I liked it. It was 'all in the family,' and it was so jolly and good-natured, and that dear old man was so bright. Do you know," she went on, in a low voice, "I don't believe I'm so much a stranger—I think I love all these people a great deal—in spite of having known them only two days."

At that a wild exhilaration possessed him. He wanted to shake hands with every soul in the tent, to tell them all that he loved them with his whole heart, but, what was vastly more important, *she* loved them a great deal—in spite of having known them only two days!

He made the horses prance on the homeward drive, and, once, when she told him that she had read a good many of his political columns in the "Herald," he ran them into a fence. After this it occurred to him that they were nearing their destination and had come at a perversely sharp gait; so he held the roans down to a snail's pace (if it be true that a snail's natural gait is not a trot) for the rest of the way, and they talked of Tom Meredith and books and music, and discovered that they differed widely about Ibsen.

They found Mr. Fisbee in the yard, talking to Judge Briscoe. As they drove up, and before the horses had quite stopped, Helen leaped to the ground and ran to the old scholar with both her hands outstretched to him. He looked timidly at her, and took the hands she gave him; then he produced from his pocket a yellow telegraph envelope, watching her anxiously as she received it. However, she seemed to attach no particular importance to it; and instead of opening it, leaned toward him, still holding one of his hands.

"These awful old men!" Harkless groaned inwardly as he handed the horses over to the Judge. "I dare say *he'll* kiss her, too." But, when the editor and Mr. Willetts had gone, it was Helen who kissed Fisbee.

"They're coming out to spend the evening, aren't they?" asked Briscoe, nodding to the young men as they set off down the road.

"Lige has to come whether he wants to or not," Minnie laughed, rather consciously. "It's his turn to-night to look after Mr. Harkless."

"I guess he won't mind coming," said the Judge.

"Well," returned his daughter, glancing at Helen, who stood apart, reading the telegram to Fisbee, "I know if he follows Mr. Harkless he'll get here pretty soon after supper—as soon as the moon comes up, anyway."

The editor of the "Herald" was late to his evening meal that night. It was dusk when he reached the hotel, and, for the first time in history, a gentleman sat down to meat in that house of entertainment in evening dress. There was no one in the dining-room when he went in; the other boarders had finished, and it was Cynthia's "evening out," but the landlord, Columbus Landis, came and attended to his wants himself, and chatted with him while he ate.

"There's a picture of Henry Clay," remarked Landis in obvious relevancy to his companion's attire—"there's a picture of Henry Clay, somewheres about the house, in a swallow-tail. Governor Ray spoke here in one, Bodeffer says; always wore one, except it was higher built up 'n yourn about the collar, and had brass buttons, I think. Ole man Wimby was here again to-night," the landlord continued, changing the subject. "He waited around fer ye a good while, but 'last he had to go. He's be'n mighty wrought up sence the trouble this morning, an' wanted to see ye bad. I don't know if you seen it, but that feller 't knocked your hat off with a club got mighty near tore to pieces in the crowd before he got away. Seems some the boys re-*cog*-nized him as one the Cross-Roads Skillets and sicked the dogs on him, and he had a pretty mean time of it. Wimby says the Cross-Roads folks 'll be worse 'n ever, and, says he, 'Tell him to stick close to town,' says he. 'They'll do anything to git him now,' says he, 'and *resk* anything.' I told him you wouldn't take no stock in what any one says, and I knowed well enough you'd laugh that-a-way; but, see here, we don't put nothin' too mean for them folks. I tell ye, Mr. Harkless, all of us are scared for ye."

The good fellow was so earnest that, when the editor's supper was finished and he would have departed, Landis detained him almost by force until the arrival of Mr. Willetts, who, the landlord knew, was his allotted escort for the evening. When Lige came (wearing a new tie, a pink one he had hastened to buy as soon as his engagements had given opportunity), the landlord hissed a savage word of reproach for his tardiness in his ear, and whisperingly bade him not let the other out of reach that night. Mr. Willetts replied with a nod implying his trustworthiness, and the young men went out into the darkness.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IT IS BAD LUCK TO SING BEFORE BREAKFAST.

THE moon had risen, and there was a lace of mist along the creek when John and Helen reached their bench. (Of course they went back there.) She turned to him with a little frown.

"Why have you never let Tom Meredith know you were living so near him—less than a hundred miles—when he has always liked and admired you above all the rest of mankind? I know that he has tried, time and again, to hear of you, but the other men wrote that they knew nothing, that it was thought you had gone abroad. I had heard of you, and so has he seen your name in the Rouen papers—about the 'White Caps' and in politics—but he would never dream of connecting the Plattville Mr. Harkless with *his* Mr. Harkless; though I did, just a little, in a vague way. I knew you, of course, when you came into Mr. Halloway's lecture, the other evening. But why haven't you written to my cousin?"

"Rouen seems rather far away to me," he answered, quietly. "I've been there only once, half a day on business. Except that, I've never been much farther than Amo—and then for a convention or to make a speech—since I came here."

"Wicked," she exclaimed, "to shut yourself up like this! I said it was fine to drop out of the world, but why have you cut off your old friends from you? Why haven't you had a relapse, now and then, and come over to hear Ysaye play and Melba sing, or

to see Mansfield or Henry Irving, when we have had them? And do you think you've been quite fair to Tom? What right had you to assume that he had forgotten you?"

"Oh, I didn't exactly mean forgotten," he said, pulling a blade of grass to and fro between his fingers and staring at it absently. "It's only that I have dropped out of the world, you know. They rather expected me to do a lot of things, and I haven't done them. Possibly it is because I am sensitive that I never let Tom know. They expected me to amount to something; but I don't believe his welcome would be less hearty to a failure—he is a good heart."

"Failure!" she cried, and clapped her hands and laughed.

"I'm really not very tragic about it, though I must seem consumed with self-pity," he returned, smiling. "It is only that I have dropped out of the world while Tom is still in it."

"'Dropped out of the world,'" she echoed, impatiently. "Can't you see you've dropped into it? That you——"

"Last night I was honored by your praise of my graceful mode of quitting it!"

"And so you wish me to be consistent," she retorted, scornfully. "What becomes of your gallantry when we abide by reason?"

"True enough: equality is a denial of privilege."

"And privilege is a denial of equality? I don't like that at all." She turned a serious, suddenly illuminated face upon him, and spoke earnestly. "It's my hobby, I should tell you; and I'm tired of that nonsense about 'women always sounding the personal note.' It should be sounded as we would sound it. And I think we could bear the loss of 'privilege'——"

He laughed and raised a protesting hand. "But *we* couldn't."

"No, you couldn't. It's the ribbon of superiority in your buttonhole. I know several women who manage to live without men to open doors for them, and I think I could bear to let a man pass before me, now and then, or wear his hat in an office where I happened to be; and I could get my own ice at a dance, I think, possibly with even less fuss and scramble than I've sometimes observed in the young men who have done it for me. But you know you would never let us do things for ourselves, no matter what legal equality might be declared, even when we get representation for our taxation. You will never be able to deny yourselves giving us our 'privilege'! I hate being waited on! I'd rather do things for myself."

She was so earnest in her satire, so full of scorn, and so serious in her meaning, and there was such a contrast between what she said and her person—she looked so preëminently the pretty marquise, the little exquisite, so essentially to be waited on and helped, to have cloaks thrown over the dampness for her to tread upon, to be run about for; he could see half a dozen youths rushing about for her ices, for her carriage, for her chaperon, for her wrap, at dances—that to save his life he could not repress a chuckle. He managed to make it inaudible, however, and it was as well that he did.

"I understand your love of newspaper work," she went on, less vehemently, but not less earnestly. "I have always wanted to do it myself, wanted to immensely. I can't think of a more fascinating way of earning one's living. And I know I could do it. Why don't you make the 'Herald' a daily?"

To hear her speak of "earning one's living" was too much for him. She gave the impression of riches, not only by the fine texture and fashioning of her garments, but one felt that luxuries had wrapped her from her birth. He had not had much time to wonder what she did in Plattville. It had occurred to him that it was a little odd that she could plan to spend any extent of time there, even if she had liked Minnie Briscoe at school. He felt that she must have been sheltered and petted and waited on all her life; one could not help yearning to wait on her.

He answered inarticulately, "Oh, some day," in reply to her question, and then fell into outright laughter.

"I might have known you wouldn't take me seriously," she said, with no indignation, only a sort of wistfulness. "I am well used to it. I think it is because I am not tall. People take big girls with more gravity. Big people are nearly always listened to."

"Listened to!" he said, and felt that he must throw himself at her feet. "You oughtn't to mind being Titania; she was listened to; you——"

She sprang to her feet, and her eyes flashed. "Do you think personal comment is ever in good taste?" she cried fiercely, and in his surprise he almost fell off the bench. "If there is one thing I cannot bear, it is to be told that I am '*small*'! I am not! Every one who isn't a giantess isn't '*small*'! I detest personalities! I am a great deal

over five feet, a great deal more than that. I——"

"Please, *please*," he said, "I didn't——"

"Don't say you are sorry," she interrupted, and in spite of his contrition he found her angry voice delicious, it was still so sweet, hot with indignation, but ringing, not harsh. "Don't say you didn't mean it; because you did! You can't unsay it, you cannot alter it—and *this* is the way I must remember you! Ah!" She drew in her breath with a sharp sigh, and covering her face with her hands, sank back upon the bench. "I will not cry," she said, not so firmly as she thought she did.

"My blessed child!" he cried, in great distress and perturbation. "What have I done? I—I——"

"Call me 'small' all you like," she answered, "I don't care. It isn't that. You mustn't think me such an imbecile." She dropped her hands from her face, and shook the tears from her eyes with a mournful little laugh. He saw that her fingers were clenched tightly and her lip trembled. "I will not cry," she said again.

"Somebody ought to murder me. I ought to have thought—personalities *are* hideous——"

"Don't! It wasn't that."

"I ought to be shot——"

"Ah, please don't say that," she said, shuddering. "Please don't, not even as a joke—after last night!"

"But I ought to be for hurting you; indeed——"

She laughed sadly again. "It wasn't that. I don't care what you call me. I am small. You'll try to forgive me for being such a baby? I didn't mean anything I said. I haven't acted so badly since I was a child."

"It's my fault, all of it. I've tired you out, and I let you get crushed at the circus, and——"

"That!" she said. "I don't think I would have missed the circus."

He had a thrilling hope that she meant the tent-pole. She looked as if she meant that, but he dared not let himself believe it.

"No," he continued, "I have been so madly happy in being with you that I've fairly worn out your patience. I've haunted you all day, and I have——"

"All that has nothing to do with it," she said, with a gentle motion of her hand to bid him listen. "Just after you left, this afternoon, I found that I could not stay here. My people are going abroad at once, and I must go with them. That's what is almost making me cry. I leave here to-morrow morning."

He felt something strike at his heart. In the sudden sense of dearth he had no astonishment that she should betray such agitation over her departure from a place she had known so little and friends who certainly were not part of her life. He rose to his feet, and, resting his arm against a sycamore, stood staring away from her at nothing. She did not move. There was a long silence. He had wakened suddenly: the skies had been sapphire; the sward, emerald; Plattville, a Camelot of romance, a city of enchantment; and now, like a meteor burned out in a breath, the necromancy fell away, and he gazed into desolate years. The thought of the Square, his dusty office, the bleak length of Main Street, as they should appear to-morrow, gave him a faint physical sickness. To-day it had all been touched to beauty. He had felt fit to live and work here a thousand years—a fool's dream, and the waking was to arid emptiness. He should die now of hunger and thirst in this Sahara. He hoped the fates would let it be soon, but he knew they would not; knew that this was hysteria, that in his endurance he should plod on, plod, plod dustily on, through dingy, lonely years.

There was a rumble of thunder far out on the western prairie. A cold breath stole through the hot stillness, and an arm of vapor reached out between the moon and the quiet earth. Darkness fell. The man and the girl kept silence between them. They might have been two sad guardians of the black little stream that plashed unseen at their feet. Now and then a reflection of far-away lightning faintly limned them with a green light. Thunder rolled nearer, ominously. The gods were driving their chariots over the bridge. The chill breath passed, leaving the air again to its hot inertia.

"I did not want to go," she said at last, with tears just below the surface of her voice. "I wanted to stay here; but he—they wouldn't—I can't."

"Wanted to stay here?" he said huskily, not turning. "Here? In Indiana?"

"Yes."

"In Rouen, you mean?"

"In Plattville."

"In Plattville!" He turned now, astounded.

"Yes. Wouldn't you have taken me on the 'Herald'?" She rose and came toward him. "I could have supported myself here, if you would; and I've studied how

newspapers are made. I know I could have earned a wage. I could have helped you make it a daily." He searched in vain for a trace of raillery in her voice; there was none. She seemed to intend her words to be taken literally.

"I don't understand," he said. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that I want to stay here; that I ought to stay here; that my conscience tells me I should; but I can't, and it makes me very unhappy. That was why I acted so badly."

"Your conscience!" he cried.

"Oh, I know what a jumble and puzzle it must seem to you!"

"I only know one thing: that you are going away to-morrow morning, and that I shall never see you again."

The darkness had grown intense. They could not see each other, but a wan glimmer gave him a fleeting, misty view of her. She stood half-turned from him, her hand to her cheek in the uncertain fashion of his great moment of the afternoon. Her eyes—he saw in the flying picture that he caught—were troubled, and her hand trembled. She had been irresistible in her gayety, but now that a mysterious distress assailed her, of the reason for which he had no guess, she was so adorably pathetic, and seemed such a rich and lovely and sad and happy thing to have come into his life only to go out of it; and he was so full of the prophetic sense of loss of her, it seemed so much like losing everything, that he found too much to say to be able to say anything.

He tried to speak, and choked a little. A big drop of rain fell on his bare head. Neither of them noticed the weather or cared for it. They stood with the renewed blackness hanging like a drapery between them.

"Can—can you—tell me why you think you ought not to go?" he whispered finally, with a great effort.

"No; not now. But I know you would think I am right in wanting to stay. I know you would if you knew about it—but I can't, I can't. I must go in the morning."

"I should always think you right," he answered, in an unsteady tone, "always." He went over to the bench, fumbled about for his hat, and picked it up.

"Come," he said, gently, "I am going now."

She stood quite motionless for a full minute or longer; then, without a word, she moved toward the house. He went to her with hands extended to find her, and his fingers touched her sleeve. Together, and silently, they found the garden-path and followed its dim length. In the orchard he touched her sleeve again, and led the way.

As they came out behind the house she detained him. Stopping short, she shook his hand from her arm. She spoke in a breath, as if it were all one word:

"Will you tell me why you go? It is not late. Why do you wish to leave me, when I shall not see you again?"

"The Lord be good to me!" he broke out, all his long-pent passion of dreams rushing to his lips as the barrier fell. "Don't you see it is because I can't bear to let you go? I hoped to get away without saying it. I want to be alone. I want to be with myself and try to realize things. I didn't want to make a babbling idiot of myself; but I am! It is because I don't want another second of your sweetness to leave an added pain when you've gone. It is because I don't want to hear your voice again, to have it haunt me in the loneliness you will leave. But it's useless, useless! I shall hear it always, just as I shall always see your face, just as I have heard your voice and seen your face these seven years, ever since I first saw you, a child, at Winter Harbor. I forgot for a while, I thought it was a girl I had made up out of my own heart, but it was you all the time. The impression I thought nothing of then, just the merest touch on my heart, light as it was, grew and grew deeper until it was there forever. You've known me twenty-four hours, and I understand what you think of me for speaking to you like this. If I had known you for years and had waited, and had the right to speak and keep your respect, what have I to offer you? I couldn't even take care of you if you went mad as I and listened. I've no excuse for this raving— Yes, I have."

He saw her in another second of lightning, a sudden bright one. Her back was turned to him, and she had taken a few startled steps from him.

"Ah," he cried, "you are glad enough, now, to see me go! I knew it. I wanted to spare myself that. I tried not to be a hysterical fool in your eyes." He turned aside, and his head fell on his breast. "God help me," he said. "What will this place be to me now?"

The breeze had risen; it gathered force; it was a chill wind, and there rose a wailing on the prairie. Drops of rain began to fall.

"You will not think a question implied in

this," he said, more composedly, but with an unhappy laugh at himself. "I believe you will not think me capable of asking you if you care——"

"No," she answered, "I—I do not love you."

"Ah, was it a question, after all? I—you read me better than I do, perhaps; but if I asked, I knew the answer."

She made as if to speak again, but words refused her.

After a moment, "Good-by," he said, very steadily. "I thank you for the charity that has given me this little time—with you. It will always be—precious to me. I shall always be your servant." His steadiness did not carry him to the end of his sentence. "Good-by——"

She started toward him, and stopped. He did not see her. She answered nothing, but stretched out her hand to him, and then let it fall quickly.

"Good-by," he said again. "I shall go out the orchard gate. Please tell them good-night for me. Won't you speak to me? Good-by."

He stood waiting, while the rising wind blew their garments about them. She leaned against the wall of the house. "Won't you say good-by and tell me you can forget my——"

She did not speak.

"No!" he cried, wildly. "Since you don't forget it! I have spoiled what might have been a pleasant memory for you, and I know it. You were already troubled, and I have added, and you won't forget it, nor shall I—nor shall I! Don't say good-by. I can say it for both of us. God bless you, and good-by, good-by, good-by!"

He crushed his hat down over his eyes, and ran toward the orchard gate. For a moment lightning flashed repeatedly. She saw him go out the gate and disappear into sudden darkness. He ran through the field, and came out on the road. Heaven and earth were revealed again for a dazzling white second. From horizon to horizon rolled clouds contorted like an illimitable field of inverted haystacks, and beneath them enormous volumes of bluish vapor were tumbling in the west, advancing eastward with sinister swiftness. She ran to a little knoll at the corner of the house, and saw him set his face to the storm. She cried aloud to him with all her strength, and would have followed, but the wind took the words out of her mouth and drove her back, cowering, to the shelter of the house.

Out on the road the lashing dust came stinging him like a thousand nettles. It smothered him, and beat him so that he covered his face with his sleeve and fought into the storm shoulder foremost, dimly glad of its uproar, yet almost unconscious of it, keeping westward on his way to nowhere. West or east, south or north, it was all one to him. The few heavy drops that fell boiling into the dust ceased to come; the rain withheld while the wind-kings rode on earth. On he went in spite of them. On and on, running blindly when he could run at all. At least the wind-kings were company. He had been so long alone. There was no one who belonged to him or to whom he belonged. For a day his dreams had found in a girl's eyes the precious thing that is called home. Oh, the wild fancy! He laughed aloud.

There was a startling answer: a lance of fire hurled from the sky, riving the fields before his eyes, while crash on crash numbed his ears. With that his common sense awoke, and he looked about him. He was two miles from town; the nearest house was the Briscoes', far down the road. He knew the rain would come now. There was a big oak near him at the roadside, and he stepped under its sheltering branches and leaned against the great trunk, wiping the perspiration and dust from his face. A moment of stunned quiet had succeeded the peal of thunder. It was followed by several moments of incessant lightning, that played along the road and the fields. From that intolerable brightness he turned his head, and saw, standing against the fence, five feet away, a man, leaning over the top rail and looking at him.

The same flash swept brilliantly before Helen's eyes as she crouched against the back steps of the brick house. It revealed a picture like a marine of big waves, the tossing tops of the orchard trees, for in that second the full fury of the storm was loosed, wind and rain and hail. It drove her against the kitchen-door with cruel force. The latch lifted, the door blew open violently, and she struggled to close it in vain; the house seemed to rock. A candle flickered toward her from the inner doorway, and was blown out.

"Helen! Helen!" came Minnie's voice anxiously. "Is that you? We were coming to look for you. Did you get wet?"

Mr. Willetts threw his weight against the door, and managed to close it. Then Minnie found her friend's hand, and led her through the dark hall to the parlor, where the Judge sat placidly reading by a student-lamp.

Lige chuckled as they left the kitchen.

"I guess you didn't try too hard to shut that door, Harkless," he said, and then when they came into the lighted room: "Why, where *is* Harkless?" he asked. "Didn't he come with us from the kitchen?"

"No," answered Helen, faintly. "He's gone." She sank upon the sofa, and put her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from too sudden light.

"Gone!" The Judge dropped his book, and sat staring across the table at the girl. "Gone! When?"

"Ten minutes — five — half-an-hour — I don't know. Before the storm commenced."

"Oh!" The old gentleman appeared to be reassured. "Probably he had work to do and wanted to get in before the rain."

But Lige Willetts was turning pale. "Which way did he go? He didn't come around the house. We were out there till the storm broke."

"He went by the orchard gate. When he got to the road, he turned that way." She pointed to the west.

"He must have been crazy!" exclaimed the Judge. "What possessed the fellow?"

"I couldn't stop him. I didn't know how." She looked at her three companions, slowly, and with growing terror, from one face to another. Minnie's eyes were wide, and she had unconsciously grasped Lige's arm. The young man was staring straight before him. The Judge got up, and walked nervously back and forth. Helen rose to her feet, and went toward the old man, her hands pressed to her bosom.

"Ah," she cried out, "I had forgotten *that!* You don't think they—you don't think he——"

"I know what *I* think," Lige broke in. "I think I'd ought to be hanged for letting him out of my sight. Maybe it's all right; maybe he turned and started right back for town—and got there. But *I* had no business to leave him, and if I can, I'll catch up with him yet." He went to the front door, and opening it, let in a tornado of wind and flood of water that beat him back. Sheets of rain blew in horizontally in spite of the porch beyond.

Briscoe followed him. "Don't be a fool, Lige," he said. "You hardly expect to go out in that." Lige shook his head. It needed them both to get the door closed. The young man leaned his back against it, and passed his sleeve across his wet brow. "I hadn't ought to have left him."

"Don't scare the girls," whispered the other; then in a louder tone: "All I'm afraid of is that he'll get blown to pieces or catch his death of cold. That's all there is to worry about. They wouldn't try it again so soon after last night. I'm not bothering about that; not at all. That needn't worry anybody."

"But this morning——"

"Pshaw! He's likely home and dry by this time. All foolishness. Don't be an old woman."

The two men reëntered the room, and found Helen clinging to Minnie's hand on the sofa. She looked up at them quickly.

"Do you think—do you—what do you—" Her voice shook so that she could not go on.

The Judge pinched her cheek, and patted it. "I think he's home and dry, but I think he got wet first. That's what I think. Never you fear; he's a good hand at taking care of himself. Sit down, Lige. You can't go for a while." Nor could he. It was a long, long while before he could venture out. The storm raged and roared without abatement. It was Carlow's worst since '51, the old gentleman said. They heard the great limbs crack and break outside, while the thunder pealed and boomed, and the wind ripped at the eaves till it seemed as if the roof must go. Meanwhile, the Judge, after some apology, lit his pipe, and told long stories of the storms of early days and of odd freaks of the wind. He talked on calmly, the picture of repose, and blew rings above his head, but Helen saw that one of his big slippers beat an unceasing little tattoo on the carpet. She sat with fixed eyes, in silence, holding Minnie's hand tightly, and her face was colorless, growing whiter as the slow hours dragged by.

Every moment Mr. Willetts became more restless. He assured the ladies he had no anxiety regarding Mr. Harkless. It was only his own dereliction of duty that he regretted. The boys would have the laugh on him, he said. But he visibly chafed more and more under the Judge's stories, and constantly rose to peer out of the window into the wrack and turmoil, and, once or twice, he struck his hands together with muttered ejaculations. At last there was a lull in the fury without, and, as soon as it was perceptible, he announced his intention of making his way into town. He "had ought to have went before," he declared apprehensively, and then, with immediate amendment, of course he would find the editor at work in the "Herald" office. There wasn't the slightest doubt of that, he agreed with the Judge, but he better *see* about it. He would return early

in the morning to bid Miss Sherwood good-by. Hoped she'd come back some day; hoped it wasn't her last visit to Plattville. They gave him an umbrella, and he plunged into the night; and as they stood for a moment at the door, the old man calling after him cheery good-nights and laughing messages to Harkless, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the road.

Helen's room was over the porch, the windows facing north, looking out upon the pike and across the fields. "Please don't light the lamp, Minnie," she said, when they had gone upstairs. "I don't need it." Miss Briscoe was flitting about the room, hunting for matches. In the darkness she came to her friend and laid a kind, large hand on Helen's eyes, and the hand became wet. She drew Helen's head down on her shoulder, and sat beside her on the bed.

"Sweetheart, you mustn't fret," she soothed in motherly fashion. "Don't you worry, dear. He's all right. It isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't have come on a night like this."

But Helen drew away, and went to the window, flattening her arm against the pane, her forehead pressed against her arm. She had let him go; she had let him go alone. She had forgotten the danger that always beset him. She had been so crazy, she had seen nothing, thought of nothing. She had let him go into *that* and into the storm alone. Who knew better than she how cruel they were? She had seen the fire leap from the white blossom and heard the ball whistle, the ball they had meant for his heart, that good, great heart. She had run to him the night before. Why had she let him go into the unknown and the storm to-night? But how could she have stopped him? How could she have kept him after what he had said? He had put it out of her power to speak the word "Stay!" She peered into the night through distorting tears.

The wind had gone down a little, but only a little, and the electrical flashes danced all round the horizon in magnificent display, sometimes far away, sometimes dazingly near, the darkness doubly deep between the intervals when the long sweep of flatlands lay in dazzling clearness, clean-cut in the washed air to the finest detail of stricken field and heaving woodland.

A staggering flame clove earth and sky, and sheets of light echoed it, and a frightful uproar shook the house and rattled the casements; but over the crash of thunder Minnie heard her friend's loud scream, and saw her spring back from the window with both hands, palms outward, pressed to her face. She leaped to her, and threw her arms about her.

"What is it?"

"Look!" Helen dragged her to the window. "At the next flash! The fence beyond the meadow——"

"What was it? What was it like?" The lightning flashed incessantly. Helen tried to point; her hand only jerked from side to side.

"*Look!*" she cried.

"I see nothing but the lightning," Minnie answered breathlessly.

"Oh, the *fence!* The fence—and in the field!"

"*Helen!* What was it *like?*"

"Ah! ah!" she panted, "a long line of white-looking things—horrible white——"

"What *like?*" Minnie turned from the window, and caught the other's wrist in a strong clasp.

"Minnie, Minnie! Like long white gowns and cowls crossing the fence!" Helen released her wrist from her companion's grasp, and put both hands on Minnie's cheeks, forcing her around to face the flickering pane. "You must look! You must look!" she cried.

"They wouldn't do it. They wouldn't—it *isn't!*" Minnie shuddered. "They couldn't come in the storm. They wouldn't do it in the pouring rain!"

"Yes! Such things would mind the rain!" She burst into hysterical laughter, and Minnie seized her round the waist, almost as unnerved as Helen, yet trying to soothe her. "They would mind the rain," Helen whispered. "They would fear a storm! Yes, yes! And I let him go—I let him go!"

Pressing close together, clasping each other's waists, the two girls peered out at the landscape.

"*Look!*"

Up from the distant fence that bordered the northern side of Jones's field, a pale, pelted, flapping thing reared itself, poised, and seemed, just as the blackness came again, to drop to the ground.

"Did you *see?*"

But Minnie had thrown herself into a deep chair with a laugh of wild relief. "My darling girl!" she cried. "Not a line of white things—just one—Mr. Jones's old scarecrow! And we saw it blown down!"

"No, no, no! I saw the others. They were in the field beyond. I saw them. When I looked the first time, they were nearly all on the fence. This time we saw the last man crossing. Ah, I let him go alone!"

Minnie sprang up and enfolded her. "No; you dear, imagining child, you're upset and nervous, that's all the matter in the world. Don't worry, don't, child; it's all right. Mr. Harkless is home and safe in bed long ago. I know that old scarecrow on the fence like a book; and you're so unstrung you fancied the rest. He's all right; don't you bother, dear."

The big, motherly girl took her companion in her arms, and rocked her back and forth soothingly, and petted and reassured her, and then cried a little with her, as a good-hearted girl always will with a friend. Then she left her for the night, with many a cheering word and tender caress. "Get to sleep, my dear," she called through the door when she had closed it behind her. "You must if you *have* to go in the morning. It just breaks my heart. I don't know how we'll bear it without you. Father will miss you almost as much as I will. Good-night. Don't bother about that old white scarecrow. That's all it was. Good-night, dear, good-night."

"Good-night, dear," answered a plaintive little voice. Helen's cheek pressed the pillow, and tossed from side to side. By and by she turned the pillow over; it had grown wet. The wind blew about the eaves, and blew itself out. Sleep would not come. She got up and laved her burning eyes. Then she sat by the window. The storm's strength was spent at last; the rain grew lighter and lighter, until there was but the sound of running water and the drip, drip on the tin roof of the porch. Only the thunder rumbling in the distance marked the storm's course, the chariots of the gods rolling further and further away till they finally ceased to be heard altogether. The clouds parted majestically, and then, between great curtains of mist, the day-star was seen shining in the east.

The night was hushed, and the peace that falls before dawn was upon the wet, flat lands. Somewhere in the sodden grass a swamped cricket chirped. From an outlying flange of the village a dog's howl rose mournfully; it was answered by another, far away, and by another and another. The sonorous chorus rose above the village, died away, and quiet fell again.

Helen sat by the window, no comfort touching her heart; tears coursed her cheeks no longer, but her eyes were wide and staring, and her lips parted breathlessly, for the hush was broken by the far clamor of the court-house bell, ringing in the night. It rang, and rang, and rang, and rang. She could not breathe. She threw open the window. The bell stopped. All was quiet once more. The east was gray.

Suddenly out of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the hoof-beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming faster and faster, coming *here*. There was a plashing and trampling in front of the house and a sharp "Whoa!" In the dim light of first dawn she made out a man on a foam-flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

A window to the right of hers went screeching up. She heard the Judge clear his throat before he spoke.

"What is it? That's you, isn't it, Wiley? What is it?" He took a good deal of time, and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky. "What is it, Wiley?"

"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night, and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The Judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half-past nine, wasn't it, father?" she called, in a choked voice. "And—you know—Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes?" answered the man on horseback.

"Wiley, he left about half-past nine—just before the storm. They think he went west."

"Much obliged. Willetts is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Wiley!" The old man's voice shook. Minnie began to cry aloud. The horseman wheeled about, and turned his animal's head toward town. "Wiley!"

"Yes."

"Wiley, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

Said the man on horseback, "Judge, I'm afraid they have!"

*(To be continued.)*

# THE UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF ASTRONOMY.

By Professor Simon Newcomb.

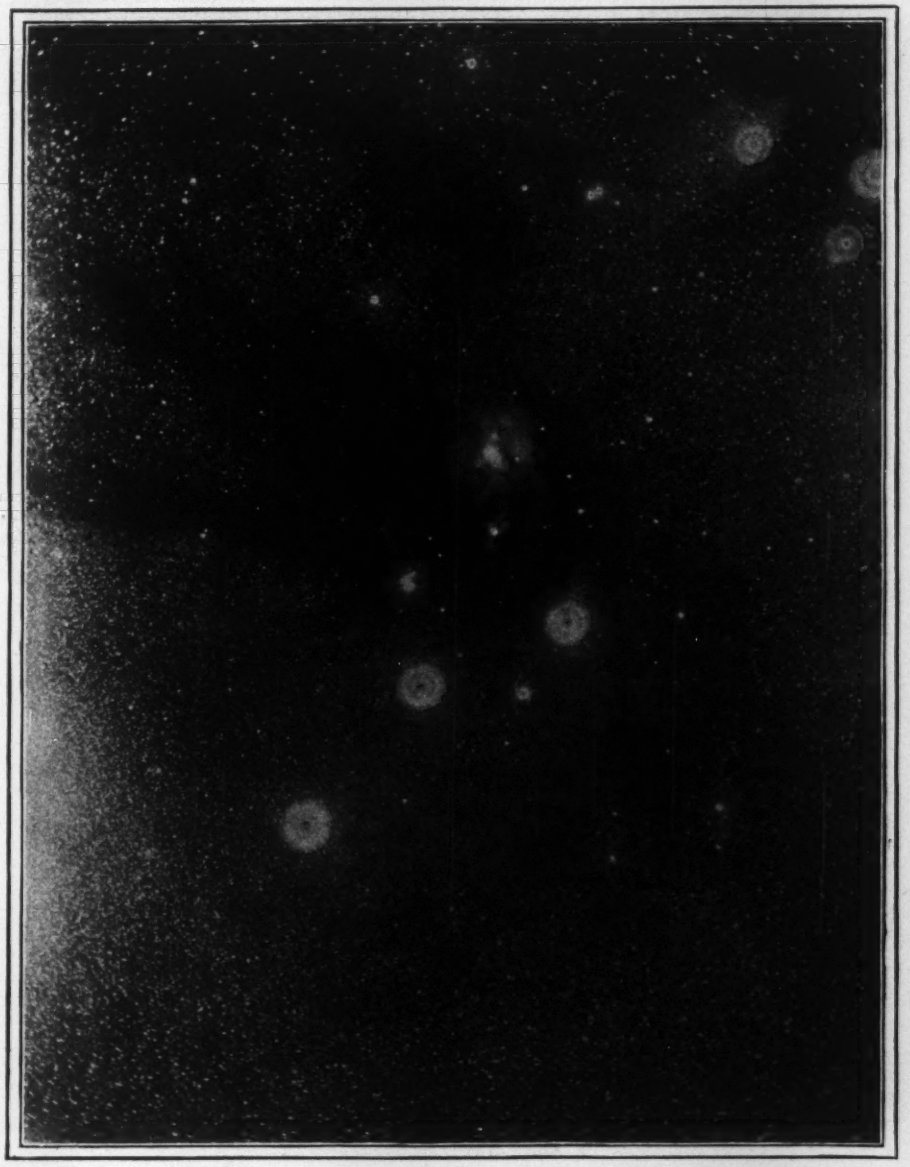
OUR readers already know what the solar system is: an immense central body, the sun, with a number of planets revolving round it at various distances. On one of these planets we dwell. Vast indeed are the distances of the planets when measured by our terrestrial standards. A cannon-ball fired from the earth to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and continuing its course ever since with a velocity of 1,800 feet per second, would not yet be half-way to the orbit of Neptune, the outer planet. And yet the thousands of stars which stud the heavens are at distances so much greater than that of Neptune that our solar system is like a little colony, separated from the rest of the universe by an ocean of void space almost immeasurable in extent. The orbit of the earth round the sun is of such size that a railway train running sixty miles an hour, with never a stop, would take about 350 years to cross it. Represent this orbit by a lady's finger-ring. Then the nearest fixed star will be about a mile and a half away; the next more than two miles; a few more from three to twenty miles; the great body at scores or hundreds of miles. Imagine the stars thus scattered from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and keep this little finger-ring in mind as the orbit of the earth.

One of the most beautiful stars in the heavens, and one that can be seen most of the year, is *α Lyrae*, or Alpha of the Lyre, known also as Vega. In a spring evening it may be seen in the northeast, in the later summer near the zenith, in the autumn in the northwest. On the scale we have laid down with the earth's orbit as a finger-ring, its distance would be some eight or ten miles. The small stars around it in the same constellation are probably ten, twenty, or fifty times as far.

Now, the greatest fact which modern science has brought to light is that our whole solar system, including the sun, with all its planets, is on a journey toward the constellation Lyra. During our whole lives, in all probability during the whole of human history, we have been flying unceasingly toward this beautiful constellation with a speed to which no motion on earth can compare. The speed has recently been determined with a fair degree of certainty, though not with entire exactness; it is about ten miles a second, and therefore not far from three hundred millions of miles a year. But whatever it may be, it is unceasing and unchanging; for us mortals eternal. We are nearer the constellation now than we were ten years ago by thousands of millions of miles, and every future generation of our race will be nearer than its predecessor by thousands of millions of miles.

When, where, and how, if ever, did this journey begin; when, where, and how, if ever, will it end? This is the greatest of the unsolved problems of astronomy. An astronomer who should watch the heavens for ten thousand years might gather some faint suggestion of an answer, or he might not. All we can do is to seek for some hints by study and comparison with other stars.

The stars are suns. To put it in another way, the sun is one of the stars, and rather a small one at that. If the sun is moving in the way I have described, may not the stars also be in motion, each on a journey of its own through the wilderness of space? To this question astronomy gives an affirmative answer. Most of the stars nearest to us are found to be in motion, some faster than the sun, some more slowly, and the same is doubtless true of all; only the century of accurate observations at our disposal does not show the motion of the distant ones. A given motion seems slower the more distant the moving body; we have to watch a steamship on the horizon some little time to see that she moves at all. Thus it is that the unsolved problem of the motion of our sun is only one branch of a yet more stupendous one: What mean the motions of the stars; how did they begin, and how, if ever, will they end? So far as we can yet see, each star is going straight ahead on its own journey, without regard to its neighbors, if other stars can be so called. Is each describing some vast orbit which, though looking like a straight line



THE GREAT NEBULA OF RHO OPHIUCHI, IN THE MILKY WAY.

From a photograph taken by Professor E. E. Barnard, June 21 and 22, 1895. Total exposure, 7 hours, 30 minutes. Herschel described this spot as "an intensely black background in a great blank space," but Professor Barnard has shown that it is really the central spot of a strong condensation of one of the most remarkable nebulæ in the entire heavens. The picture shows well the remarkable black "lanes," or breaks, in the uniform curtain of small stars which, as a rule, composes the body of the Milky Way.

during the short period of our observation, will really be seen to curve after ten thousand or a hundred thousand years, or will it go straight on forever? If the laws of motion are true for all space and all time, as we are forced to believe, then each moving star will go on in an unbending line forever unless hindered by the attraction of other stars. If they go on thus, they must, after countless years, scatter in all directions, so that the inhabitants of each shall see only a black, starless sky.

Mathematical science can throw only a few glimmers of light on the questions thus suggested. From what little we know of the masses, distances, and numbers of the stars we see a possibility that the more slow-moving ones may, in long ages, be stopped in their

A MILKY-WAY PHOTOGRAPH.

The photograph, taken by Professor Barnard, gives some idea of the infinite number of small stars which compose the groundwork of the Milky Way. The long exposure and powerful lens enable us to see in the photograph thousands of minute stars not visible with the largest telescope. In taking this picture, Professor Barnard discovered that the star 15 Monoceros, seen to the left of the center of the picture, is not only nebulous (this had been questioned), but is the center of a beautiful diffused nebulosity, seen in the picture, extending in all directions from the star — in the north to the edge of the great vacancy seen among the stars. To the right of 15 Monoceros is a nebula discovered by Professor Barnard in 1888, with peculiar holes or perforations in the northern part.

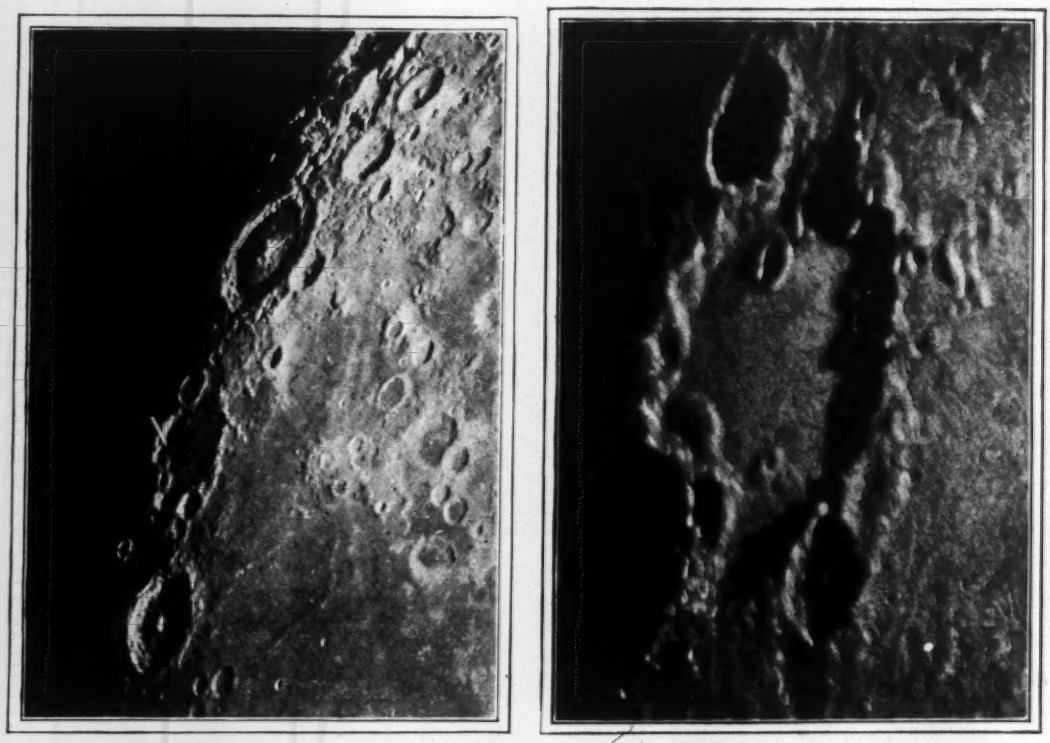
onward courses or brought into orbits of some sort by the attraction of their millions of fellows. But it is hard to admit even this possibility in the case of the swift-moving ones. Attraction, varying inversely as the square of the distance, diminishes so rapidly that, at the distances which separate the stars, it is small indeed. We could not, with the most delicate balance that science has yet invented, even show the attraction of the greatest known star. So far as we know, the two swiftest-moving stars are, first, Arcturus, and second, one known in astronomy as 1830 Groombridge, the latter so called because it was first observed by the astronomer Groombridge and is numbered 1830 in his catalogue of stars. If our determinations of the distances of these bodies are to be relied

IN THE SOUTHERN PORTION OF THE MILKY WAY—SHOWING THE TRIFID NEBULA.

From a photograph taken by Professor Barnard, July 5, 1894. Exposure, 4 hours. The celebrated nebula is shown in the upper part of the picture. Near the center is a singular mixture of stars and nebulosity, the beautiful star cluster M 8, showing the curious saw-tooth-like projections on its southern edge.

on, the velocity of their motion cannot be much less than 200 miles a second. They would make the circuit of the earth every two or three minutes. A body massive enough to control this motion would throw a large part of the universe into disorder. Thus the problem where these stars came from and where they are going is for us insoluble, and is all the more so from the fact that they are moving in different directions and seem to have no connection with each other or with any known star.

It must not be supposed that these enormous velocities seem so to us. Not one of them, even the greatest, would be visible to the naked eye until after years of watching. On our finger-ring scale, 1830 Groombridge would be some ten miles and Arcturus thirty or forty miles away. Either of them would be moving only two or three feet in a year. To the oldest Assyrian priests Lyra looked much as it does to us to-day. Among the bright and well-known stars Arcturus has the most rapid apparent motion, yet Job



TWO VIEWS OF THE LUNAR CRATER VENDELINUS.

On the left is reproduced a photograph of a portion of the moon, taken August 31, 1890, with the 36-inch telescope of the Lick Observatory. The three craters on the outer edge, beginning at the bottom, are Petavius, Vendelinus, and Langrenus. The picture on the right is made from a twenty-fold enlargement of the photograph of Vendelinus, by Professor Weinek, of the University of Prague. From "Publications of the Lick Observatory," Vol. III.

himself would not to-day see that its position had changed, unless he had noted it with more exactness than any astronomer of his time.

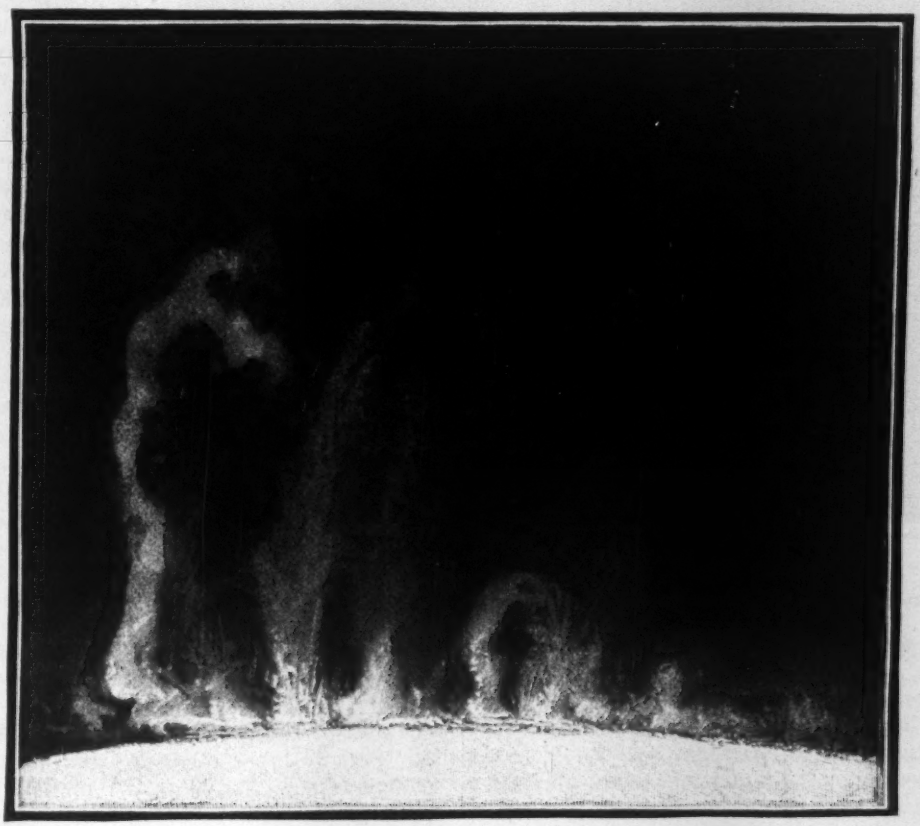
Another unsolved problem among the greatest which present themselves to the astronomer is that of the size of the universe of stars. We know that several thousand of these bodies are visible to the naked eye; moderate telescopes show us millions; our giant telescopes of the present time, when used as cameras to photograph the heavens, show a number past count, perhaps 100 millions. Are all these stars only those few which happen to be near us in a universe extending out without end, or do they form a collection of stars outside of which is empty infinite space? In other words, has the universe a boundary? Taken in its widest scope this question must always remain unanswered by us mortals, because, even if we should discover a boundary within which all the stars and clusters we ever can know are contained and outside of which is empty space, still we could never prove that this space is empty out to an infinite distance. Far outside of what we call the universe might still exist other universes which we can never see.

It is a great encouragement to the astronomer that, although he cannot yet set any exact boundary to this universe of ours, he is gathering faint indications that it has a boundary, which his successors not many generations hence may locate so that the astronomer shall include creation itself within his mental grasp. It can be shown mathematically that an infinitely extended system of stars would fill the heavens with a blaze of light like that of the noonday sun. As no such effect is produced, it may be concluded that the universe has a boundary. But this does not enable us to locate the boundary, nor to say how many stars may lie outside the farthest stretches of telescopic vision. Yet by patient research we are slowly throwing light on these points and reaching inferences which, not many years ago, would have seemed forever beyond our powers.

Every one now knows that the Milky Way, that girdle of light which spans the evening sky, is formed of clouds of stars too minute

to be seen by the unaided vision. It seems to form the base on which the universe is built and to bind all the stars into a system. It comprises by far the larger number of stars that the telescope has shown to exist. Those we see with the naked eye are almost equally scattered over the sky. But the number which the telescope shows us become more and more condensed in the Milky Way as telescope power is increased. The number of new stars brought out with our greatest power is vastly greater in the Milky Way than in the rest of the sky, so that the former contains a great majority of the stars. What is yet more curious, spectroscopic research has shown that a particular kind of stars, those formed of heated gas, are yet more condensed in the central circle of this band; if they were visible to the naked eye, we should see them encircling the heavens as a narrow girdle forming perhaps the base of our whole system of stars. This arrangement of the gaseous or vaporous stars is one of the most singular facts that modern research has brought to light. It seems to show that these particular stars form a system of their own; but how such a thing can be we are still unable to see.

The question of the form and extent of the Milky Way thus becomes the central one of stellar astronomy. Sir William Herschel began by trying to sound its depths; at one time he thought he had succeeded; but before he died he saw that they were unfathomable with his most powerful telescopes. Even to-day he would be a bold astronomer who would profess to say with certainty whether the smallest stars we can photograph are at the boundary of the system. Before we decide this point we must have some idea of the form and distance of the cloud-like masses of stars which form our great celestial girdle. A most curious fact is that our solar system seems to be in the center of this galactic universe, because the Milky Way divides the heavens into two equal parts, and



APPEARANCE OF THE ERUPTIVE PROMINENCES OF THE SUN.

These solar flames reach to astounding heights in their periods of activity. The tallest flame in the picture, on the left, is redrawn from a photograph taken at Kenwood Observatory, Chicago, March 25, 1895, when the flame was 280,000 miles in height. This is forty times the diameter of the earth, whose relative proportion is indicated by the small figure to the right of the picture.

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION.

From a photograph taken by Sir Isaac Roberts, February 4, 1889. Exposure, 3 hours, 45 minutes. This striking nebula can be easily seen with the naked eye. It is the middle one of the three small stars hanging under the central stars of the constellation of Orion.

seems equally broad at all points. Were we looking at such a girdle as this from one side or the other, this appearance would not be presented. But let us not be too bold. Perhaps we are the victims of some fallacy, as Ptolemy was when he proved, by what looked like sound reasoning, based on undeniable facts, that this earth of ours stood at rest in the center of the heavens!

A related problem, and one which may be of supreme importance to the future of our race, is, What is the source of the heat radiated by the sun and stars? We know that life on the earth is dependent on the heat which the sun sends it. If we were deprived of this heat, we should in a few days be enveloped in a frost which would destroy nearly all vegetation, and in a few weeks neither man nor animal would be alive, unless crouching over fires soon to expire for want of fuel. We also know that, at a time which is geologically recent, the whole of New England was covered with a sheet of ice, hundreds or even thousands of feet thick, above which no mountain but Washington raised its head. It is quite possible that a small diminution in the supply of heat sent us by the sun would gradually reproduce the great glacier, and once more make the Eastern States like the pole.

To the question of our world-supply of heat science has an answer, but not a very confident one. The sun is supposed to be growing smaller, and its contraction constantly generates the heat which it so lavishly radiates to earth and planets. What is true of the sun we may suppose to be true of the stars and nebulæ. All are supposed to be contracting into a smaller volume in consequence of the mutual gravitation of their parts, and this contraction generates the heat which they give off and the light by which we see them. This theory has the great merit that it may be made the subject of exact mathematical calculation. Knowing the size of a body, no matter whether star or nebulæ, and the quantity of matter which it contains, we can calculate exactly how much it must contract in order to generate a given amount of heat. We know this in the case of the sun, and find that the contraction necessary to produce all the heat it gives off is very slow indeed; it would have to go on for thousands of years before astronomers could find, by comparing its size at various times, that it had grown any smaller. Contracting at this slow rate, it will be millions of years before it gets as dense as the earth. Still,

it does not follow that the amount of heat given off will remain exactly the same during all this period. What we can say with confidence is that observations of temperature in various countries for the last two or three hundred years do not show any change in climate which can be attributed to a variation in the amount of heat received from the sun.

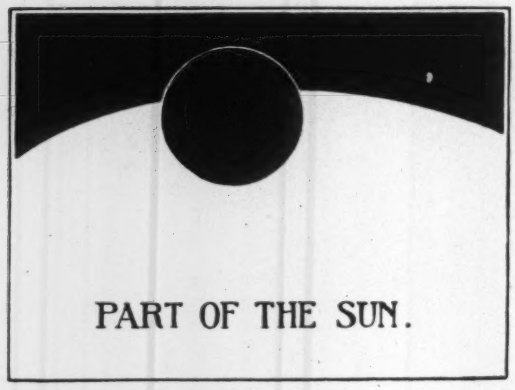
THE GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA.

From a photograph taken by Sir Isaac Roberts, December 29, 1888. Exposure, 4 hours.

The acceptance of this theory of the heat of those heavenly bodies which shine by their own light—sun, stars, and nebulæ—still leaves open a problem that looks insoluble with our present knowledge. What becomes of the great flood of heat and light which the sun and stars radiate into empty space with a velocity of 180,000 miles a second? Only a very small fraction of it can be received by the planets or by other stars, because these are mere points compared with their distance from us. Taking the teaching of our science just as it stands, we should say that all this heat continues to move on through infinite space forever. In a few thousand years it reaches the probable confines of our great universe. But we know of no reason why it should stop there. During the hundreds of millions of years since all our stars began to shine, has the first ray of light and heat kept on through space at the rate of 180,000 miles a second, and will it continue to go on for ages to come? If so, think of its distance now, and think of its still going on, to be forever wasted! Rather say that the problem, What becomes of it? is as yet unsolved.

Thus far I have described the greatest of problems; those which we may suppose to concern the inhabitants of millions of worlds revolving round the stars as much as they concern us. Let us now come down from starry heights to this little colony where we live, the solar system. Here we have the great advantage of being better able to see what is going on, owing to the comparative nearness of the planets. When we learn that these bodies are like our earth in form, size, and motions, the first question we ask is, Could we fly from planet to planet and light on the surface of each, what sort of scenery would meet our eyes? Mountain, forest, and field, a dreary waste, or a seething caldron larger than our earth? If solid land is there, would we find on it the homes of intelligent beings, the lairs of wild beasts, or no living thing at all? Could we breathe the air, or would we choke for breath, or be poisoned by the fumes of some noxious gas?

To most of these questions science cannot as yet give a positive answer, except in the case of the moon. Our satellite is so near us that we can see it has no atmosphere and




THE PLANET VENUS ENTERING ON THE DISK OF THE SUN, DECEMBER 5, 1882.

By observing the transit of Venus astronomers have discovered that its atmosphere is much denser than that of the earth and must be composed of heavy masses of vapor. As shown in the picture, it is not until Venus is well across its edge that the refraction of the sun's light through the atmosphere of the planet produces a ring of light around it. The light, dry atmosphere of the earth would flash this light around as soon as its transit commenced, if viewed from some other planet.

no water, and therefore cannot be the abode of life like ours. The contrast of its eternal deadness with the active around us is great indeed. Here we have weather of so many kinds that we never tire of talking about it. But on the moon there is no weather at all.

ARCTURUS AND THE SURROUNDING STARS IN THE CONSTELLATION BOOTES.

The black star, marked 1, shows the position of Arcturus in the constellation as seen by the shepherds on the plains of Shinar 4,000 years ago. Since then it has been flying through space at the rate of 250 miles a second, but has to our eyes moved only as far as the white star, marked 2, its present position.

On our globe so many things are constantly happening that our thousands of daily journals cannot begin to record them. But on the dreary rocky wastes of the moon nothing ever happens. So far as we can determine, every stone that lies loose on its surface has lain there through untold ages, unchanged and unmoved.

We cannot speak so confidently of the planets. The most powerful telescopes yet made, the most powerful we can ever hope to make, would scarcely show us mountains, or lakes, rivers, or fields at a distance of fifty millions of miles. Much less would they show us any works of man. Pointed at the two nearest planets, Venus and Mars, they whet our curiosity more than they gratify it. Especially is this the case with Venus. Ever since the telescope was invented observers have tried to find the time of rotation of this planet on its axis. Some have reached one conclusion, some another, while the wisest have only doubted. The great Herschel claimed that the planet was so enveloped in vapor or clouds that no permanent features could be seen on its surface. Some recent observers think they see faint, shadowy patches, which remain the same from day to day, and which show that the planet always presents the same face to the sun, as the moon does to the earth. Others see differently, and the best opinion probably is that these patches are simply variations of light, shade, and color caused by the reflection of the sun's light at various angles from different parts of the planet.

There is also some mystery about the atmosphere of this planet. When Venus passes nearly between us and the sun, her dark hemisphere is turned toward us, her bright one being always toward the sun. But she is not exactly on a line with the sun except on the very rare occasions of a transit across the sun's disk. Hence, on ordinary occasions, when she seems very near on a line with the sun, we see a very small part of the illuminated hemisphere, which now presents the form of a very thin crescent like the new moon. And this crescent is supposed to be a little broader than it would be if only half the planet were illuminated, and to encircle rather more than half the planet. Now, this is just the effect that would be produced by an atmosphere refracting the sun's light around the edge of the illuminated hemisphere.

The difficulty of observations of this kind is such that the conclusion may be open to doubt. What is seen during transits of Ve-

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT, AS SEEN FROM THE HIGHER PLAINS OF MEXICO.

This peculiar light, its base on the horizon and its apex at varying altitudes, is one of the phenomena whose nature is uncertain; modern astronomers consider it to be the glow from a cloud of meteoric matter revolving around the sun. It is seen in the east in the early mornings of spring, just before dawn, and in the west in autumn, after twilight. In the tropics, owing to the short twilights, its brilliancy is most intense, sometimes rivaling that of the Milky Way.

nus over the sun's disk leads to more certain, but yet very puzzling, conclusions. The writer will describe what he saw at the Cape of Good Hope during the transit of December 5, 1882. As the dark planet impinged on the bright sun, it of course cut out a round notch from the edge of the sun. At first, when this notch was small, nothing could be seen of the outline of that part of the planet which was outside the sun. But when half the planet was on the sun, its outline off the sun was marked by a slender arc of light, as shown in the figure on page 256. A curious fact was that this arc did not at first span the whole outline of the planet, but only showed at one or two points. In a few moments another part of the outline appeared, and then another, until, at last, the arc of light extended around the complete outline. All this seems to show that while the planet has an atmosphere, it is not transparent like ours, but is so filled with mist and clouds that the sun is seen through it only as if shining in a fog.

Not many years ago the planet Mars, which is the next one outside of us, was supposed to have a surface like that of our earth. Some parts were of a dark greenish gray hue; these were supposed to be seas and oceans. Other parts had a bright warm tint; these were supposed to be the continents. During the last twenty years much has been learned as to how this planet looks, and the details of its surface have been mapped by several observers, using the best telescopes under the most favorable conditions of air and

climate. And yet it must be confessed that the result of this labor is disappointing. We are less confident than before that the so-called seas are really seas. When it comes to comparing Mars with the earth, we cannot be certain of more than a single point of resemblance. This is that during the Martian winter a white cap, as of snow, is formed over the pole, which partially melts away during the summer. The conclusion that there are oceans whose evaporation forms clouds which give rise to this snow seems plausible. But the telescope shows no clouds, and nothing to make it certain that there is an atmosphere to sustain them. There is no certainty that the white deposit is what we call snow; perhaps it is not formed of water at all.

To make the matter worse, there is no agreement among observers as to the minuter details of light and shade on the surface of the planet, though they agree as to the main features. Where some see broad hazy streaks, others see fine dark lines, and yet others nothing definite at all. The result is that the question of the real nature of the surface of Mars and of what we should see around us could we land upon it and travel over it is still one of the unsolved problems of astronomy.

If this is the case with the nearest planets that we can study, how is it with more distant ones? Jupiter is the only one of these of the condition of whose surface we can claim to have definite knowledge. But even this knowledge is meager. The substance of what we know is that its surface is surrounded by layers of what look like dense clouds, through which nothing can certainly be seen.

I have already spoken of the heat of the sun and its probable origin. But the question of its heat, though the most important, is not the only one that the sun offers us. What is the sun? When we say that it is a very hot globe, more than a million times as large as the earth, and hotter than any furnace that man can make, so that literally "the elements melt with fervent heat" even at its surface, while inside they are all vaporized, we have told the most that we know as to what the sun really is. Of course we know a great deal about the spots, the rotation of the sun on its axis, the materials of which it is composed, and how its surroundings look during a total eclipse. But all this does not answer our question. There are several mysteries which ingenious men have tried to explain, but they cannot prove their explanations to be correct. One is the cause and nature of the spots. Another is that the shining surface of the sun, the "photosphere," as it is technically called, seems so calm and quiet while forces are acting within it of a magnitude quite beyond our conception. Flames in which our earth and everything on it would be engulfed like a boy's marble in a blacksmith's forge are continually shooting up to a height of tens of thousands of miles. One would suppose that internal forces capable of doing this would break the surface up into billows of fire a thousand miles high; but we see nothing of the kind. The surface of the sun seems almost as placid as a lake.

Yet another mystery is the corona of the sun. This is something we should never have known to exist if the sun were not sometimes totally eclipsed by the dark body of the moon. On these rare occasions the sun is seen to be surrounded by a halo of soft white light, sending out rays in various directions to great distances. This halo is called the corona, and has been most industriously studied and photographed during nearly every total eclipse for thirty years. Thus we have learned much about how it looks and what its shape is. It has a fibrous, woolly structure, a little like the loose end of a much worn hempen rope. A certain resemblance has been seen between the form of these seeming fibres and that of the lines in which iron filings arrange themselves when sprinkled on paper over a magnet. It has hence been inferred that the sun has magnetic properties, a conclusion which, in a general way, is supported by many other facts. Yet, the corona itself remains no less an unexplained phenomenon.

A phenomenon almost as mysterious as the solar corona is the "zodiacal light," which any one can see rising from the western horizon just after the end of twilight on a clear winter or spring evening. The most plausible explanation is that it is due to a cloud of small meteoric bodies revolving round the sun. We should hardly doubt this explanation were it not that this light has a yet more mysterious appendage, commonly called the *Gegenschein*, or counterglow. This is a patch of light in the sky in a direction exactly opposite that of the sun. It is so faint that it can be seen only by a practised eye under the most favorable conditions. But it is always there. The latest suggestion is that it is a tail of the earth, of the same kind as the tail of a comet!

We know that the motions of the heavenly bodies are predicted with extraordinary ex-

actness by the theory of gravitation. When one finds that the exact path of the moon's shadow on the earth during a total eclipse of the sun can be mapped out many years in advance, and that the planets follow the predictions of the astronomer so closely that, if you could see the predicted planet as a separate object, it would look, even in a good telescope, as if it exactly fitted over the real planet, one thinks that here at least is a branch of astronomy which is simply perfect. And yet the worlds themselves show slight deviations in their movements which the astronomer cannot always explain, and which may be due to some hidden cause that, when brought to light, shall lead to conclusions of the greatest importance to our race.

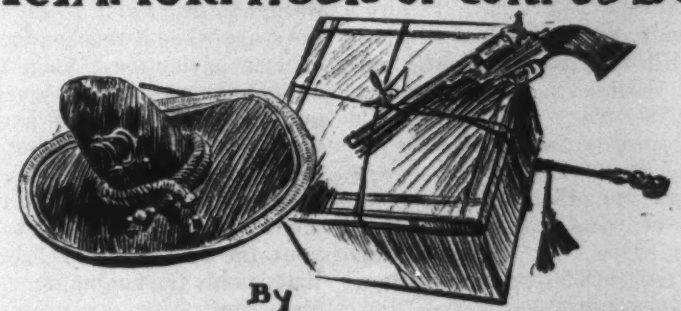
One of these deviations is in the rotation of the earth. Sometimes, for several years at a time, it seems to revolve a little faster, and then again a little slower. The changes are very slight; they can be detected only by the most laborious and refined methods; yet they must have a cause, and we should like to know what that cause is.

The moon shows a similar irregularity of motion. For half a century, perhaps through a whole century, she will go around the earth a little ahead of her regular rate, and then for another half century or more she will fall behind. The changes are very small; they would never have been seen with the naked eye, yet they exist. What is their cause? Mathematicians have vainly spent years of study in trying to answer this question.

The orbit of Mercury is found by observations to have a slight motion which mathematicians have vainly tried to explain. For some time it was supposed to be caused by the attraction of an unknown planet between Mercury and the sun, and some were so sure of the existence of this planet that they gave it a name, calling it Vulcan. But of late years it has become reasonably certain that no planet large enough to produce the effect observed can be there. So thoroughly has every possible explanation been sifted out and found wanting, that some astronomers are now inquiring whether the law of gravitation itself may not be a little different from what has always been supposed. A very slight deviation indeed would account for the facts, but cautious astronomers want other proofs to regard the change as established.

Many readers have doubtless wondered how, after devoting so much work to the study of the heavens, anything can remain for astronomers to find out. It is a curious fact that, although they were never learning so fast as at the present day, yet there seems to be more to learn now than there ever was before. Great and numerous as are the unsolved problems of our science, knowledge is now advancing into regions which, a few years ago, seemed inaccessible. Where it will stop none can say.

# THE METAMORPHOSIS OF CORPUS DELICTI



By J. H. CRANSON

ERR SMITHSON, manager of the prima donna Madame Allanni, was returning East with his star from a somewhat unprofitable tour on the Pacific Slope. They gave concerts at various places along the route, but fortune remained coy. At last, at Sagetown, the manager hatched a scheme for raising the wind the nature of which may be guessed from the concluding passages of a conversation that occurred between him and a dark-skinned, long-haired citizen in a big sombrero and wearing a belt in which were stuck

a revolver and a long knife. This ominously equipped individual was tall of stature, long-limbed, gaunt, and strong. His eyes were dark and sullen, with drooping lids. His long mustache was also dark and drooping, and his voice was of a pitch so subterranean that it seemed to come from at least half a mile under ground, and of such a quality and tone that its faintest breathings would bring any stage team to a dead halt and elevate the hands of all the passengers. Any one familiar with Western mythology will understand at once that this brief description can apply to but one person, the noted Bill Deathburrow, the promoter of cemeteries and patron saint of undertakers, popularly known as "Corpus," and sometimes as "Corpus Delicti."

"That's your lay-out, is it?" said Delicti, speaking in a kind of pianissimo double bass; "I'm to hold up the stage this side of Hogsnout, unload the lady, and take her over to the cross-road by the Dogbranch; and you will come out there, and recapture her?"

"That's it," said Smithson.

"And the stuff?"

"That's all right. I'll pay you the money when I get the lady—fifty dollars."

"Fifty won't do; the ante will have to be a hundred."

"A hundred! Why, we've been talking fifty. The job won't take over half a day, and fifty for half a day is good business."

"Ordinarily, maybe; but there's things to be considered. There's my character. I've got a reputation, and it won't sound well that Corpus Delicti surrendered to a tenderfoot. Then there's expenses. I'll have to hire a burro for the lady, and my helper will have to see coin. I'll take the Kiote with me; he hasn't sand to shoot a hen, but he can hold a gun on the driver while I work the passengers." Here he beckoned to a red-haired, weazened little fellow with bandy legs, one shorter than the other, who came see-sawing across the room and was introduced as the "Lame Kiote," or "Limpy," and who embraced with enthusiasm the manager's proposition to take a drink.

"That's the terms," said Corpus after the refreshments had been absorbed. "We couldn't do this job for less, could we, Limpy?"

"No," promptly answered the Kiote, who knew nothing about either the job or the proposed terms.

"All right," said Smithson, who found himself outvoted. "A hundred it is, then. And now understand. It is the first stage that goes over the road to-morrow—the Sagetown stage. The one from Violet comes over, and passes through Sagetown, and goes on to Hogsnout about two hours later; but our stage is the first one in the morning."

"That's all clear," said Delicti; "the particulars are comprehended."

"There may be a little delay," added Smithson, "in my getting to the rescue. The people at Hogsnout may turn out to assist me; but if they do, I'll lead the crowd off, and dodge away from them."

"Don't let that thought disturb your mind," answered Corpus. "I know the crowd over there; and when they hear that Corpus Delicti is at the other end of the trail, you won't be incommoded by no volunteers."

Bidding his confederates good-by until the morrow, the manager sought the hotel, to hold counsel with Madame Allanni.

"I say, Sally, I've got a big scheme," said he, bustling into the parlor where she was sitting alone; "something to wake the dead and set them scrambling to get to the box-office."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, in a tone somewhat of contempt.

"Listen!" replied Smithson eagerly. "You take the stage in the morning. Somewhere between here and Hogsnout, Delicti, the man you saw me talking with just now, will hold up the whole business, and take you out. He will be accompanied by a citizen of this place, a very fine man, and they will escort you to a place we have agreed on. Delicti is a perfect gentleman, and you will be treated with the greatest politeness. I will go to Hogsnout to-night, so as to meet the stage when it reaches there with the news of your abduction. Then I'll rip and tear around like mad, borrow a revolver, and dash out to the rescue. In an hour or two, I shall bring you back to Hogsnout in triumph, and we'll go right on to Golden Desire, where the story will have preceded us. The whole population will turn out to get a sight of you; the opera house will be jammed. And that is only the beginning. The story of the abduction of the great prima donna by the famous desperado Corpus Deliciti, and of her rescue single-handed, after a desperate battle with knives and revolvers, by her manager, Herr Smithson, will be telegraphed all over the world; and when we get East, there will be no theaters large enough to hold the crowds."

Madame Allanni saw the point. The few details to be settled between them were soon disposed of, and with a parting "Au re-

vawr," the manager went away to take his place for the coming drama and to wait for his cue at Hogsnout.

Everybody knows that the best-laid schemes often go wrong. On the morrow, at the hour scheduled for the departure of the first stage, there was an unexpected delay. The passengers, including Madame Allanni, were all aboard and their fares paid; but "Six-Fingered" Joe, the driver, was missing. After half an hour's waiting, it was learned that he had gone into a saloon, presumably to take a drink, but had got into an argument with the bartender, and had had a 44-slug blown into his stomach instead. To find a substitute and get him ready to start took time, and, in the meanwhile, the stage from Violet came along, and halting only long enough to give drink to the thirsty horses and driver, went on ahead. And so it happened that, instead of being the first over the road, the vehicle that carried the prima donna stood idle at Sagetown, while its Violet rival was jogging merrily along the road toward the point of vantage where Corpus Delicti and the Lame Kiote awaited the coming of their victim.

There were four passengers in the Violet stage—three men and a woman. The men were a Presbyterian minister, a Pinkerton detective, and a drummer from a Chicago shoe-house. Any one would have written down the woman as "spinster" at first sight, and we here introduce her as Miss Lorena June of Currency, Kansas, and we hope the reader will take a good look at her, for she is well worth it.

Miss June's age was, of course, uncertain, but she must have been quite a slip of a girl when Lee surrendered. She was tall and rather lean, not very angular, but large-boned and strong looking. Her hair was black, coarse, and brushed well back; her face long and narrow; her mouth wide, with thin lips

"'A FINE DAY, LADY AND GENTS.'"

that shut close together. She used spectacles with very large glasses, and wore a plain, dark-colored dress, and a brown straw hat with pink ribbons. She was sitting—and had sat all day—erect, motionless, and silent, holding in her lap a large bandbox, across the top of which was an umbrella, all kept in place by her brown, ungloved hands.

Conversation had been slack in the stage. The lady had kept her eyes fixed on the faces of her fellow-travelers with an expression that implied disapproval; and they all thought they could read in those steadfast orbs a suspicion that they were confidence men and had designs on the bandbox. Once the drummer started to tell a story, but Miss June leveled her spectacles at his face with a persistent certainty of aim that was disconcerting; and the story dwindled, and became innocuous and meager of detail, and finally finished without coming to anything.

The horses were going at a brisk trot, when suddenly the vehicle stopped with an abruptness that made the passengers lurch forward on their seats—all but Miss June, the rigidity of whose position was not easily disturbed. Simultaneously there was a vibration, a shuddering of the air, and then the ventral tones of Corpus Delicti, "*Hands up!*"

This invitation was addressed to the driver; but the men inside waited no second call: their three pairs of hands went into the air with a celerity and force of action that jerked their shirt collars up against their ears. Miss June looked surprised, but said nothing, and clutched her bandbox with a firmer grip. Then the door was opened, and the muzzle of a revolver appeared, backed by a face the aspect of which sent the three men into a frantic struggle to get their hands through the top of the stage. Slowly the ominous eyes passed over the group, and rested on Miss June. "A fine day, lady and gents," said the deep voice.

"See here, mister," said the lady, "you can't come in here. I won't have tramps ridin' with me. There's suspicious-lookin' characters enough in here now, and I won't have no more of 'em. Make him git on outside, driver."

"You're dead right, Miss," said Corpus; "they are a bad-looking lot, and we'll shake their company. Just shunt yourself this way, and I'll help you out."

"Help me out! I ain't goin' to git out; and if I was, I could do it without your help. Go away, you nasty-lookin' villain. Driver, why don't you go on?"

"The lady doesn't understand the situation, Colonel," said the drummer. "You see, Miss, this is a hold-up; and you see——"

"Yes, I see a fool. I'm lookin' at him now. If it's a hold-up, you better keep your mouth shet, and you can hold up your hands all the easier. You're a purty-lookin' specimen. You look gay, settin' there all humped up, and your paws in the air. You'd better tell another funny story, hadn't you?"

"Bully for you, me lady," said Delicti. "You're as good as a circus with a bull-fight attachment; but business is business, and time is flowing; so have the kindness to step this way. Never mind the bandbox; leave it right there; it'll be safe; the company is responsible."

"I tell you I ain't goin' to git out! I've said it twice now, and that's enough; and if I was, I wouldn't leave my bandbox. Where I go that goes, and where I stay that stays. And I can tell you something else: if you p'int that pistol at me, I'll—I'll swat ye."

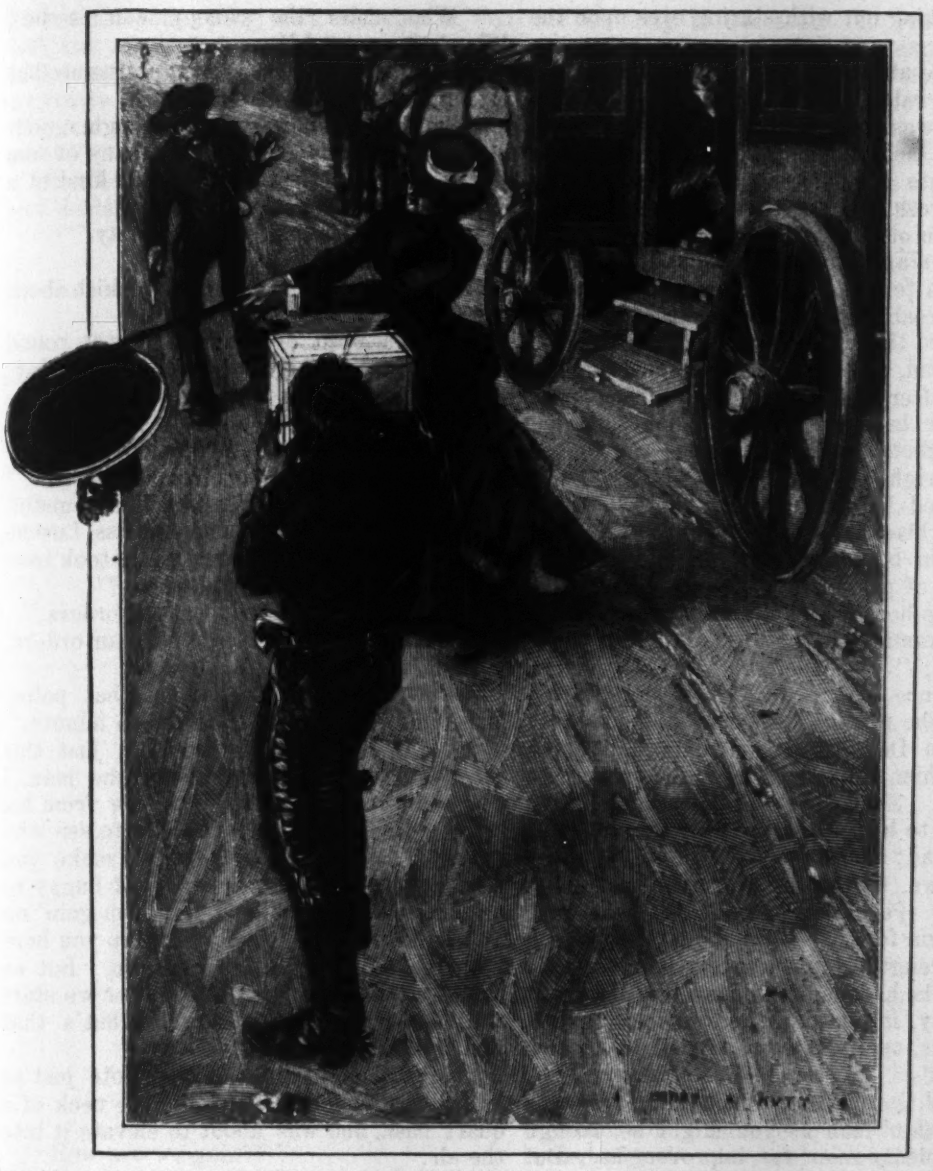
She gripped the handle of her umbrella with both hands, braced herself, and awaited developments.

"Madam," said the clergyman, in a quavering voice, "I do not believe this good gentleman has any evil intentions toward you; and I think that under the circumstances, and to avoid the possible effusion of blood, it would be advisable for you to alight."

"What do you know about it, you bald-headed old poke? He's about as much a gentleman as you are a man, I reckon. Why don't you git out and go along with him yourself, if you think so much of him? I declare, if it ain't enough to forever disgust everybody with the whole sect. Three great lummoxes afraid of one mean-lookin' old vagabond! Why don't you pitch at him, and make him go away? Put that down!"

This last remark was caused by an adroit movement on the part of Delicti. Taking advantage of a moment when her attention was on the clergyman, he had slyly reached his disengaged hand inside and got possession of the bandbox. "Put it down, I say! You won't, hey?" She rose to her feet, and the light of battle was in her eyes as she made for the door, through which her property was disappearing. "Git out of my way, Smarty. Let me out there! I'll show him. I think you'd all better git petticoats the first thing after you git home."

"I concur in the resolution of the House," shouted the Kiote, who was shaking with laughter to a degree that rendered the aim



"SHE . . . DELIVERED A SWEEPING BLOW WITH HER UMBRELLA, . . . WHICH SENT HIS SOMBRERO INTO THE SAND."

of the gun he was holding on the driver very uncertain.

"What are you laffin' about, you little red-headed monkey?" said Miss June as she bounded from the stage.

"All clear, drive on," said Delicti.

"Go ahead, driver, you are discharged," yelled the Kiote.

"Don't you dare stir a step till I git my bandbox and git back into the wagon," said Miss June.

These conflicting instructions confused the driver, and he remained stationary. Then ensued a battle royal. Delicti with the bandbox, like a lion bearing off his prey, with eye alert, backed slowly away from his approaching foe. She, like a lioness springing to the rescue of her cub, went at him with a rush, and delivered a sweeping blow with her umbrella, which he avoided by ducking, but which sent his sombrero into the sand. Then followed, in quick succession, upper cut, under cut, jab, and side swing; he dodging, ducking, parrying, and still backing off; she cutting, and thrusting, and pressing him hotly in front. The Kiote was now in the sand, rolling about and howling, and the three men in the stage, their hands still up,

were looking out with staring eyes upon the combat.

"Drive ahead there, you lump-jawed son of a jack rabbit!" roared Corpus, who, sore pressed, was doing his best to make his hands keep his head. This order galvanized the driver into life, and he brought his heavy whip across the horses with a crack that sent them off at a gallop.

As the stage moved away, Miss June turned and ran a few steps as if to overtake it; but quickly realizing that it was too late, she abandoned the chase, and going to the side of the road, stood for a full minute silently looking after the disappearing vehicle. Then she came back and went to her bandbox, which Delicti had carefully placed upon the ground, right side up. Her hat was awry and turned half around, and some locks of her long black hair were hanging loose; but neither in her face nor manner was there any sign of passion or disappointment. She picked up her bandbox, and seemed pleased as she examined it. "It ain't hurt a bit," said she; "it's queer, but I don't believe I hit it once."

Then she put it down, and walked slowly to where Delicti was standing, and going close to him, looked him over with deliberate scrutiny. Slowly her eyes passed down from his head to his feet, and from his feet back to his head; and as they came up to the level of his own, there was a shade of softening in them. Perhaps she felt some womanish admiration for his stalwart proportions and virile strength, or was touched by the rude chivalry he had manifested, even in his direst extremity, in guarding her bandbox against her blows, as if it were a part of his own person.

"Well," said she, "you ain't quite as bad a lookin' man as you might be, though there's plenty room for improvement. But I guess we're both of us a sight to behold."

She took off her hat, and held it between her teeth, while she gathered her loose hair, twisted it up, and tucked it in behind. Then she put on her hat, balanced and adjusted it, and after giving her skirts a vigorous shake, turned again to Delicti. "Well, you've got me; and now what are you goin' to do with me?"

"Bless me if I know," he answered; "but the intentions was that the gent that wants you would meet us over on the other road by the Dogbranch."

"The gent that wants me! A man?"

"Yes'm, a sort of a man—a tenderfoot."

"Who under the canopy can it be? What's his name?"

"I've disremembered his exact name, but it sounds something like Smith."

"Smith! I know Smiths enough, goodness knows, but I can't think of any of 'em this would be likely to be. What kind of a lookin' man is he?"

"Smartish looking, but no beauty."

"How is he complected?"

"Lightish, with an incline to pinkish about the nose."

"I don't want no pink-nosed man round me; but I can't think who it can be. Say, what's your name? I think we'd better be introduced."

"H'm—well—I'm of opinion that my name originally was William Deathburrow."

"Dear me! That's a thrillin'-soundin' name, ain't it? My name is Miss Lorena June. Now you say I was to be took over to—what's the name of the place?"

"Yes, Miss June, that was my orders."

"Humph! A heap I care for your orders, if I don't want to go."

"I'm soundly convinced on that point, Miss June; you needn't argue it a minute."

"Well, Mr. Deathburrow, it's just this way: from your descriptions of the man, I don't think I should like him, nor from his actions; but I've great curiosity to see who it is. If it wa'n't for that, I'd make you send Red Head after a horse and buggy to take me to Rockerville, where I'm goin' on a visit to Fluorella Pease, and keep you here with me as bail till he got back. But as things are, I'll go, and the sooner we start the sooner we'll git there. What's that Red Head doin' now?"

She had caught sight of the Kiote just as he had fastened his mouth to the neck of a quart flask and was about to elevate it into the air.

"What are you drinkin' out of that bottle? Liquor?"

"Yes'm," he answered meekly; "not drinkin' exactly, but just a-goin' to. Would you like some of it?"

"Yes, I'd like all of it. Bring it here. Bring it here!" she repeated with emphasis, as he hesitated.

Thus adjured, he advanced with halting steps, and surrendered the bottle.

"I don't approve of drinkin'," said she. "I've seen the evil effects, and won't have it. I ought by good rights to empty it out, but it's sometimes useful in sickness, and so I won't; but I'll see that it don't tempt you any more right off. And I've got a word in

season for you, young man, and that is, you laff too much for your own good. I like laffin' in its place; but if I catch you makin' any more fun of me, I'll straighten them legs of yours in such a way that they'll come out even."

She then put the bottle into the bandbox, and declared herself ready to start.

her securely in her seat. It was the first masculine embrace she had ever experienced, and there was an unmistakable smile on her plain, brown face as she looked down approvingly at her late antagonist.

"Well, I declare, Mr. Deathburrow, if you ain't stout! I always did admire a good, sizable, stout man. I hate a runt."

"IN A MINUTE SHE HAD CUT AWAY HIS BOOT."

"How are we goin'?"

"Here's your burro," answered Delicti. "Tote him up, Kiote."

"What, that little brute! Me ride on him! I'm better able to carry him than he is me."

"You'll find his strength all right, Miss June."

She went up to the animal, and put her hands on his back.

"How'm I goin' to git on? I can git on to any horse, but this thing ain't high enough to jump on to, and he's a little too high to set down on."

"Let me help you, Miss June," said Delicti, and then he took her in his strong arms, and lifting her up as he would a baby, placed

The cavalcade now moved off, Delicti leading the burro with one hand and carrying the bandbox with the other. The Kiote brought up the rear, and seemed to be pondering something.

"Have you lived very long about here, Mr. Deathburrow?" said Miss June, after they had gone some distance in silence.

"Well—no, Miss June—not exactly—not very long, just lately. As a fact, I haven't stopped very long anywhere for some period back."

"That's bad," said she; "a roamin' stone gathers no moss. Are you a married man?"

"No, Miss June; not in the least."

"You'd ought to be. You'd be more respected if you was settled down and had a capable wife to look after you, cut your hair, and make you look decent. But I wouldn't advise anybody to settle on sech land as this.

I wouldn't give a cent an acre for it. I've got a quarter section in Kansas, as good land as ever lay out doors. No incumbrance—eighty acres improved—timber and water—a good house—plenty of stock, and money ahead. There's everything that heart could wish. I've carried it on alone for fifteen years, and probably always shall. But it's botherin' sometimes. I have to depend on hired men, and they want overseein'. I can do that, but I have to oversee in the house too; and sometimes I wish I could be in two places at once, or find some capable man to take one of the places. I used to formerly think, sometimes, that I might in the future git married; but, oh calamities of Jeremiah! how is anybody goin' to find the suitable kind of a man? The men now-days are mostly all fools and uncompetents, like them coots in the stage." At this recollection, Miss June indulged in a grim chuckle.

Delicti gave her a sly look of intelligence, and when their eyes met, his face wore a smile that matched hers. Then there was silence for a time. As they went along, Miss June's eyes rested on her escort with an expression that indicated strong interest, not unmixed with speculation as to possibilities; and as he walked at her side, he had the air of a man trying to make up his mind on a difficult question. As for the Kiote, his humor had vanished. He was superstitious, and had grown horribly afraid of this masterful woman who so coolly assumed authority over him and seemed to dominate even the terrible Corpus Delicti himself.

The rendezvous was soon reached, but Herr Smithson had not yet appeared. Delicti showed no signs of impatience at this, but the Kiote was disappointed and anxious. Miss June remarked that, while they were waiting, she would take a stitch in her dress, which had been torn in the scuffle; and she was soon busy among the contents of the bandbox. Under cover of this diversion, the Kiote held a whispered conversation with Delicti.

"Say, Corpus, I'm for skinnin' out."

"Whyfore? What's the matter with ye?"

"I'm hoodooed. She's a thirty-two-degree witch; and if we don't vamose while we can, she'll ride us for a couple of broomsticks for all eternity."

"She ain't a bad one, Limpy. I rather like her; and if the tenderfoot comes and she goes away with him, I rather incline to think I shall lick him."

"Oh, Corpus, she's jumped your claim sure! But there comes the tenderfoot. Now's our chance. I say, scoot!"

The sound of wheels grinding in the sand was heard, and Herr Smithson appeared, driving a horse and buckboard. He alighted, and came briskly forward; but his enthusiasm went down to zero when, instead of meeting Madame Allanni, he was confronted by the threatening figure of Miss June, whose face had a look in it that boded trouble, but quickly changed to one of grim amusement.

"So you're the man that wants me, are you?" said she. "Confound your impudence, to s'pose I'd take up with a little fat squab of a thing like you! Oh my! Good-by, Johnny." She shut her eyes with a grimace, snapped her fingers, and went back to her bandbox.

By this time the resourceful manager had got his second wind. "A fine day, Mr. —— Corpus. Well, here we are, but where's the lady?"

"It appears to me she's visible to the naked eye," answered Delicti, motioning with his head in the direction of Miss June, but looking very steadily at Smithson.

"Why, my dear sir, you are joking."

"Whyfore? She's the only lady I know of in these parts."

"But, my esteemed friend, there's a mistake. That—ah—party over there is not the lady."

"What's that you say?" roared Delicti. "What did you call her? Her no lady! Take that back, you sucker, or—" He reached his hand behind him, drew his revolver half out of his belt, and made a stride forward.

"Stop it!" cried Miss June. "Stop it right off! I won't have no fightin' over me!" She came up on a run, and with a dexterous movement hooked the crooked handle of her umbrella into Delicti's belt and jerked him backward. There was a sharp report; Delicti gave a roar, and grasped one of his legs with both hands. A chamber of his revolver had been discharged, and the bullet passing downward had gone through his foot.

Then there was a quick shifting of characters in the scene. At the report of the pistol, Herr Smithson bounded into the air like a rubber ball, and sprinted down the road at a pace that would take him out of the State by the next morning; while the Kiote, giving a yell of dismay, took to his heels, and working his unequal legs to their full capacity, made off through the sage brush in the opposite direction. But prompt as were these movements, they were not quicker than those

of Miss June. Before the manager had made a dozen jumps, she was into her bandbox, and had out of it a heavy shawl, the bottle of whisky, some vials, pieces of cloth, and a pair of scissors. She spread the shawl on the ground, then flew to the buckboard, and was back in a flash with the seat cushion, which she put down on the shawl. Then she went to Delicti, and put her shoulder under his arm. He, in the meantime, had been hopping about on one foot, and bellowing forth his wrath and anguish in roarings that added fresh vigor to the terror-inspired legs of Herr Smithson and sent the alarmed burro galloping off after the Kiote.

"Come right along with me now—right along. You may holler all you want to; it's good for relievin' pain, but swearin' won't better it none."

She helped him to sit down on the shawl, and gave him some of the whisky. "It's good for these occasions," said she; "and it's lucky I took it, or that Red Head would have drinked it all up by this time. Now let me have that butcher-knife." She unhooked his belt, took out the knife, and then made him lie down with his head on the cushion. In a minute she had cut away his boot and exposed the injured foot. She examined it carefully and not unskillfully, with eye and hand, and soon declared her opinion that it wasn't much of a wound after all. "The bullet's gone clean through," said she, "and it must have hurt awful at first, for it went right in among the cords; but there ain't no arteries busted nor bones broke."

She took bits of cloth, saturated them with the contents of her vials, and put them on the wound. "I use arnica," said she. "Some prefers carbolic oil; but I like arnica, specially for the first application."

Delicti meanwhile had ceased his complainings, and was lying quiet, attentively observing her movements. He looked at her homely, resolute, and yet womanly face, and watched the swift motions of the hands that were so heavy in strife, but so light and deft in their present ministrations.

"Now, Mr. Deathburrow, put your finger on the bandage—right there—and hold it tight while I git a long piece to bind round the whole and sew it on."

The long piece was soon found; and as she secured it in place, she proceeded to administer some wholesome counsel to her patient. "This accident all comes from your carryin' round a loaded pistol. It's a very careless habit, for it may go off any time and hit somebody. And I sometimes think, William —there, I've said it! Well, I might as well say it as think it, and I think short names is best between friends anyway. You may call me Lorena for all I care. But as I was goin' to say, William, I sometimes think you're quick-tempered, and that makes it all the more danger. Think how awful it would be if you had shot the man."

"I warn't a-playing it to hurt the fool," said Delicti. "I wanted to scare him away. I was afraid he'd coax you off with him, and I wouldn't had you slope with him for twice the stakes he was to cough up."

"Oh, William, what a joker you are. Me go off with him! I should thought you'd known me better. But you scairt him bad enough to pay him well for his impudence to me. He's run the fat all off from him by this time; and at the rate he was goin', his friends'll never see him agin. There, I think that'll be comfortable; but when we git to the village, we'll have a doctor look at it for safety, though I don't think he can improve it much."

She got him into the buckboard, wrapped her shawl about his foot, and then climbed up herself and took the reins.

"It's lucky that man left his rig behind him," said she. "It looks like a purty good horse for this country, but I guess he's got a touch of the springhalt."

What passed between them on their drive back to Sagetown is a part of their family history, and concerns no one outside the family; but as they drove into town, soon after dark, she was saying, "Yes, William, on all accounts it's best for us to go straight home. I can put off the visit to Fluorella Pease—and I don't know as it's very necessary to be made, anyway—and duty calls me back."

They paused once to make an inquiry of a passer-by, and then drove to a house known to be the residence of the Baptist minister. Here they stopped, and she assisted him into the house; and half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. William Deathburrow came out and went to the doctor's office.

That night when the express went through, among those who boarded the train was a lame man, who supported himself on one side with an umbrella and was supported on the other by a woman who carried in her free hand a large bandbox. She helped him into the car, made a drummer give up one of the two seats he was monopolizing, put him into it, and tucked him up. And the bell rang, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," the wheels went round, and the train rushed eastward.

# LINCOLN'S GREAT VICTORY IN 1864.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

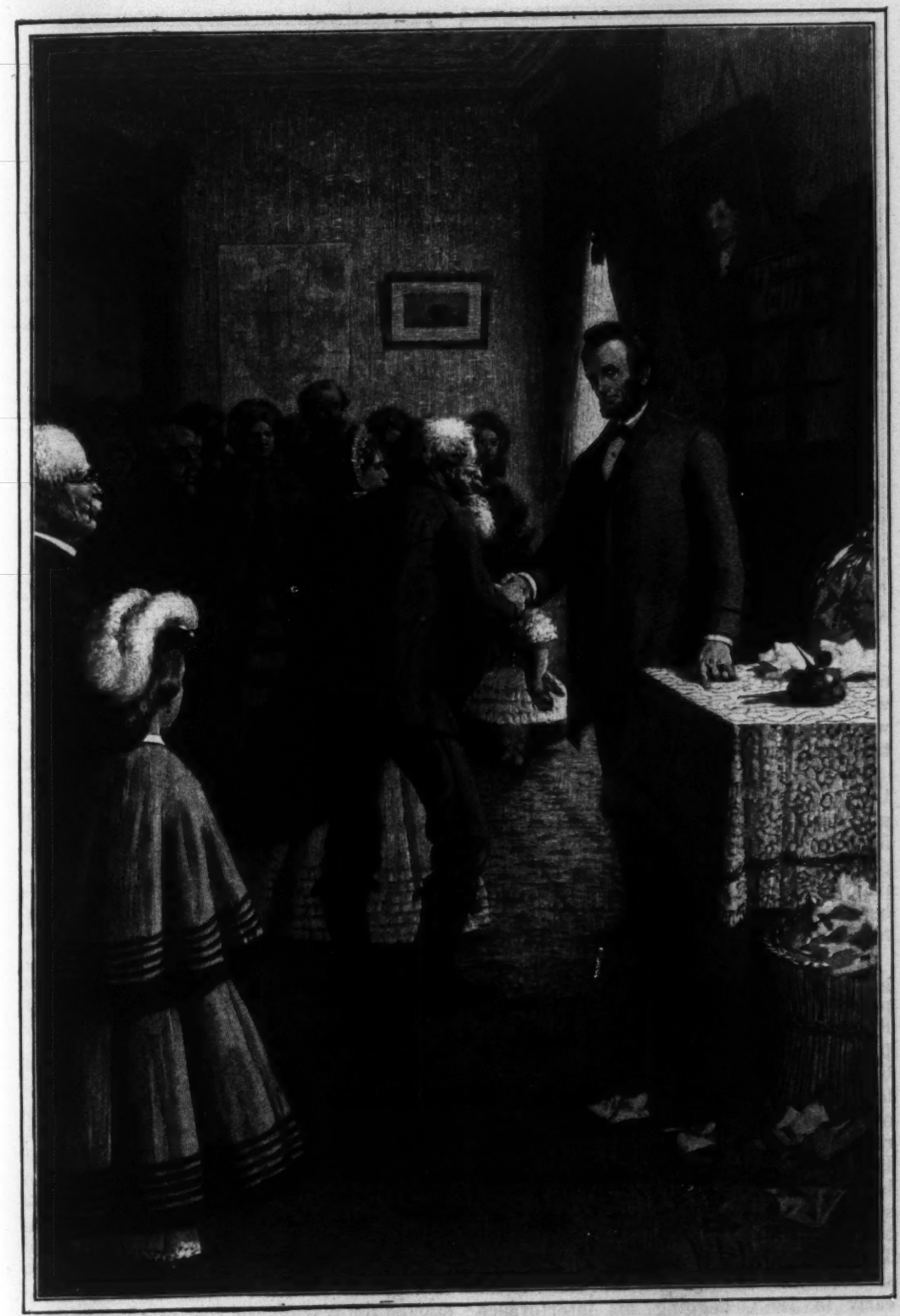
IT was not until the fall of 1863 that Abraham Lincoln was able to point to any substantial results from the long months of hard thought and cautious experiment he had given to the Civil War. By that time he did have something to show. The borders of the Confederacy had been pressed back and shut in by an impregnable wall of ships and men. Not only were the borders of the Confederacy narrowed; the territory had been cut in two by the opening of the Mississippi, which, in Lincoln's expressive phrase, now ran "unvexed to the sea." He had a war machine at last which kept the ranks of the army full. He had found a commander-in-chief in Grant; and, not less important, he had found, simultaneously with Grant, also Sherman, McPherson, and Thomas, as well as the proper places for the men with whom he had tried such costly experiments—for Burnside, Hooker, and Meade. He had his first effective results, too, from emancipation, that policy which he had inaugurated with such foreboding. Fully 100,000 former slaves were now in the United States service, and they had proved beyond question their value as soldiers. More than this, it was evident that some form of emancipation would soon be adopted by the former slave States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Maryland, and Missouri.

At every point, in short, the policy which Lincoln had set in motion with painful foresight and labor was working as he had believed it would work, but it was working slowly. He saw that many months of struggle and blood and patience were needed to complete his task; many months—and in less than a year there would be a presidential election, and he might be obliged to leave his task unfinished. He did not hesitate to say frankly that he wanted the opportunity to finish it. Among the leaders of the Republican party were a few conservatives who, in the fall of 1863, supported Lincoln in his desire for a second term; but there were more who doubted his ability and who were secretly looking for an abler man. At the same time, a strong and open opposition to his reëlection had developed in the radical wing of the party.

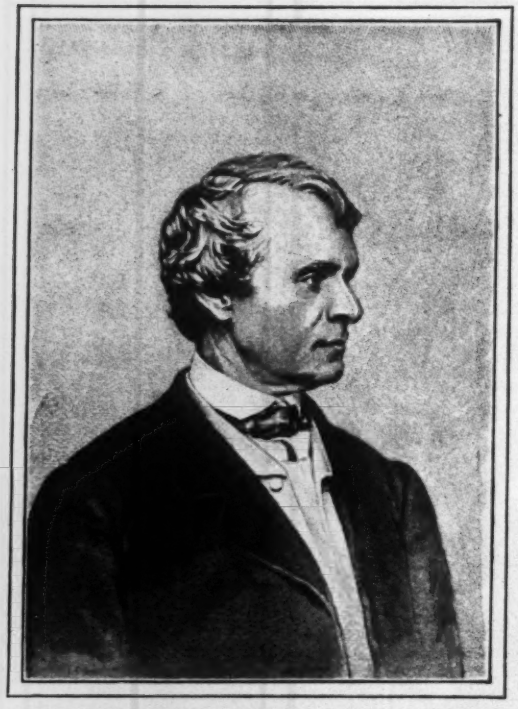
The real cause of this opposition was Lincoln's unswervable purpose to use emancipation purely as a military measure. The earliest active form this opposition took was probably under the direction of Horace Greeley. In the spring of 1863, Mr. Greeley had become thoroughly disheartened over the slow progress of the war and the meager results of the Emancipation Proclamation. He was looking in every direction for some one to replace Lincoln, and eventually he settled on General Rosecrans, who at that moment was the most successful general before the country. Greeley, after consulting with a number of Republican leaders, decided that some one should go to Rosecrans and sound him. James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke") was chosen for this mission. Mr. Gilmore recounts, in his "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," as an evidence of the extent of the discontent with Lincoln, that when he started on his mission, Mr. Greeley gave him letters to Rosecrans from about all the more prominent Republican leaders except Roscoe Conkling, Charles Sumner, and Henry Wilson.

Mr. Greeley's idea was, as he instructed Mr. Gilmore, to find out, first, if Rosecrans was "sound on the goose" (political slang for sound on the anti-slavery policy), and, secondly, if he would consider the nomination to the Presidency. If Mr. Gilmore found Rosecrans satisfactory, Greeley declared that he would force Lincoln to resign, put Hamlin in his place, and compel the latter to give Rosecrans the command of the whole army. His idea was, no doubt, that the war would then be finished promptly and Rosecrans would naturally be the candidate in 1864.

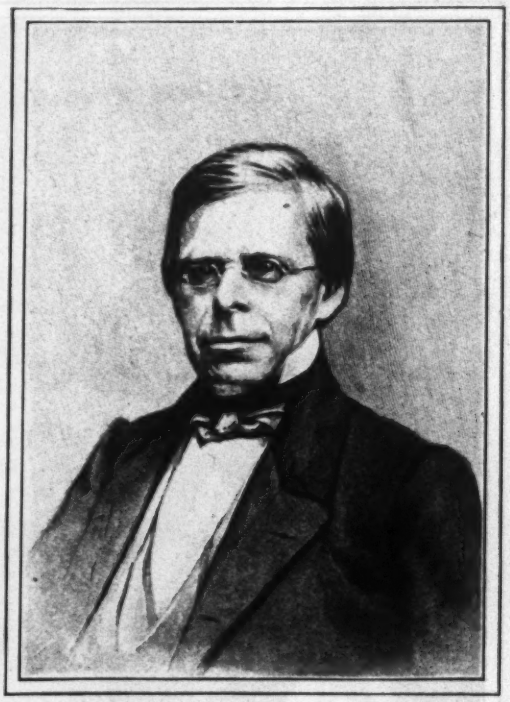
Mr. Gilmore went on his mission. Rosecrans seemed to him to fulfil Mr. Greeley's ideas, and finally he laid the case before him. The General replied very promptly: "My place is here. The country gave me my edu-



PRESIDENT LINCOLN RECEIVING VISITORS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA 1861–1867.



ISRAEL WASHBURN, GOVERNOR OF MAINE 1861–1863.

cation, and so has a right to my military services." He also declared that Mr. Greeley was wrong in his estimate of Lincoln and that time would show it.

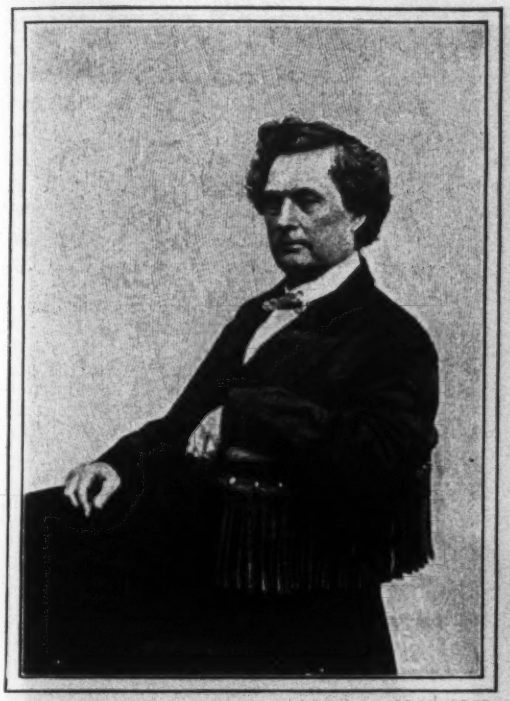
Lincoln knew thoroughly the feeling of the radicals at this time; he knew the danger there was to his hopes of a second term in opposing them; but he could be neither persuaded nor frightened into modifying his policy. The most conspicuous example of his firmness was in the case of the Missouri radicals.

The radical party in Missouri was composed of men of great intelligence and perfect loyalty; but they were men of the Frémont type, idealists, incapable of compromise and impatient of caution. They had been in constant conflict with the conservatives of the State since the breaking out of the war, and by the spring of 1863, the rupture had become almost a national affair. Both sides claimed to be Union men and to believe in emancipation; but while the conservatives believed in gradual emancipation, the radicals demanded that it be immediate. The fight became so bitter that, as Lincoln said to one of the radicals, who came to him early in 1863, begging his interference: "Either party would rather see the defeat of their adversary than that of Jefferson Davis. You ought to have your heads knocked together," he added in his exasperation.

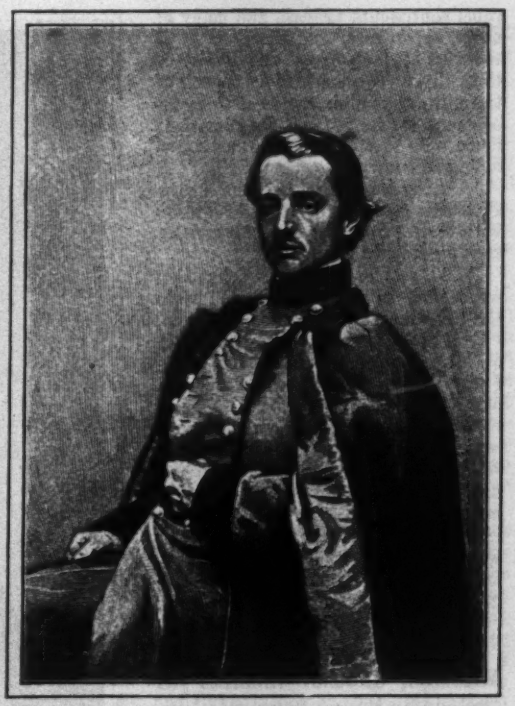
Finally, he determined that he must break up somehow what he called their "pestilent, factional quarrel," and sent a new military governor, General J. M. Schofield, to Missouri. The advice he gave him was this:

> Let your military measures be strong enough to repel the invader and keep the peace, and not so strong as to unnecessarily harass and persecute the people. It is a difficult rôle, and so much greater will be the honor if you perform it well. If both factions, or neither, shall abuse you, you will probably be about right. Beware of being assailed by one and praised by the other.

General Schofield was not able to live up to Lincoln's counsel. He incurred the suspicion and dislike of the radicals, and they determined that he must be removed. September 1st, a great convention was held, and a committee of seventy persons appointed to go to Washington and demand from Mr. Lincoln a redress of grievances. They of course had the sympathy of the radical anti-slavery element of the whole North in their undertaking, and when the Committee of Seventy started for Washington they received an ovation in almost every State through which they passed. Arrived in Washington, they became



RICHARD YATES, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS 1861–1865.



WILLIAM SPRAGUE, GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND 1860–1863.

the center of the town's interest, and a great reception was given them in the Union League Hall, at which eminent men denounced the conservatives of Missouri and demanded instant emancipation.

An arrangement was made for the President to receive the committee on September 30th and hear their statement of grievances. The imposing procession of delegates went to the White House at nine o'clock in the morning. At the committee's own request, all reporters and spectators were refused admission to the audience, only the President and one of his secretaries meeting them. Even the great front doors of the White House were locked during the forenoon.

The conference began by the reading of an address which denounced the conservative party, and demanded that General Schofield be removed and General Benjamin F. Butler be put in his place, and that the enrolled militia of the State be discharged and national troops replace them.

After the reading of the address, the President replied. Mr. Enos Clarke of St. Louis, who was one of the delegates, records the impression this reply made upon his mind:

"The President listened with patient attention to our address," says Mr. Clarke, "and at the conclusion of the reading replied at length. I shall never forget the intense chagrin and disappointment we all felt at the treatment of the matter in the beginning of his reply. He seemed to belittle and minimize the importance of our grievances and to give magnitude to minor or unimportant matters. He gave us the impression of a pettifogger speaking before a justice of the peace jury. But as he talked on and made searching inquiries of members of the delegation and invited debate, it became manifest that his manner at the beginning was really the foil of a master, to develop the weakness of the presentation. Before the conclusion of the conference, he addressed himself to the whole matter in an elevated, dignified, exhaustive, and impressive manner.

"There was no report made of this conference, * but I remember that Mr. Lincoln made this statement: 'You gentlemen must bear in mind that in performing the duties of the office I hold I must represent no one section of the Union, but I must act for all sections of the Union in trying to maintain the supremacy of the government.' And he also said this: 'I desire to so conduct the affairs of this Administration that if, at the end, when I come to lay down the reins of power, I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.' These were characteristic expressions.

"Toward the conclusion of the conference and after the whole matter had been exhaustively discussed by the President and the petitioners, Mr. C. D. Drake, our chairman, stepped forward and said: 'Mr. President, the time has now come when we can no longer trespass upon your attention, but must take leave of you;' and in those deep, impressive, stentorian tones peculiar to Mr. Drake, he added, 'Many of these men who stand before you to-day return to inhospitable homes, where

*The Hon. John Hay, then one of the President's secretaries, was present and made notes of Mr. Lincoln's remarks, which are published in part in "Abraham Lincoln: A History."

rebel sentiments prevail, and many of them, sir, in returning there do so at the risk of their lives, and if any of those lives are sacrificed by reason of the military administration of this government, let me tell you, sir, that their blood will be upon your garments and not upon ours.'

"During this impressive address the President stood before the delegation with tears streaming down his cheeks, seeming deeply agitated.

"The members of the delegation were then presented individually to the President and took leave of him. I shall always remember my last sight of Mr. Lincoln as we left the room. I was withdrawing, in company with others, and as I passed out I chanced to look back. Mr. Lincoln had met some personal acquaintances with whom he was exchanging pleasantries, and instead of the tears of a few moments before, he was indulging in hearty laughter. This rapid and wonderful transition from one extreme to the other impressed me greatly."*

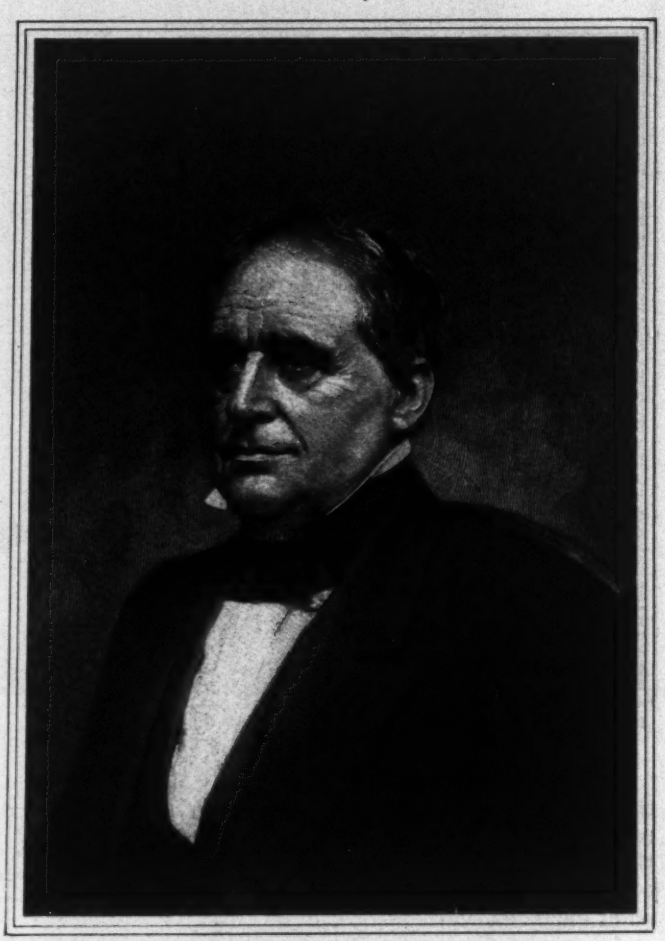
Ex-Governor Johnson of Missouri, another member of the committee, says of Lincoln's reply to their address:

"The President in the course of his reply hesitated a great deal and was manifestly, as he said, very much troubled over the condition of affairs in Missouri. He said he was sorry there should be such divisions and dissensions; that they were a source of more anxiety to him than we could imagine. He expressed his appreciation of the zeal of the radical men, but sometimes thought they did not understand the real situation. He besought us not to get out of humor because things were not going as rapidly as we thought they should. The war, he pointed out, affected a much larger territory than that embraced within the borders of Missouri, and possibly he had better opportunities of judging of things than some of us gentlemen. He spoke with great kindness, but all the way through showed his profound regret at the condition of affairs in our State. He regretted especially that some of the men who had founded the Republican party should now be arrayed apparently against his Administration.

"I had met Mr. Lincoln twice before then. This time he appeared different from what he had on the two former occasions. There was a perplexed look on his face. When he said he was bothered about this thing, he showed it. He spoke kindly, yet now and then there was a little rasping tone in his voice that seemed to say: 'You men ought to fix this thing up without tormenting me.' But he never lost his temper."*

Mr. Lincoln sent the committee away, promising to reply by letter to their address. The events of the next day showed him more plainly than ever what following the committee had. The night after the conference, Secretary Chase gave them a great reception at his house. He did not hesitate to say, in the course of the evening, that he was heartily in sympathy with their mission and that he hoped their military department would be entrusted to a gentleman whose motto was "Freedom for all." Going on to New York, the committee were given a great and enthusiastic meeting at Cooper Union: William Cullen Bryant made a sympathetic speech, and various members of the committee indulged in violent denunciations of the conservative element of the country, and did not hesitate to threaten Mr. Lincoln with revolutionary action if he did not yield to their demands.

Mr. Lincoln of course was not insensible to the political power of the Missouri radicals. He knew that this was a test case. He knew that they made their issue at a criti-



HANNIBAL HAMLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES 1861–1865.
From a photograph in the War Department Collection.

* Interview for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, reported by J. McCan Davis.

cal time for him, it being the eve of the fall elections. So important did his supporters consider it that he do something to pacify radical sentiment that Mr. Leonard Swett, one of his most intimate friends, and one heartily in sympathy with his policy, urged him, one day in October, to take a more advanced position and recommend in his annual message a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery:

Turning to me suddenly, he said, "Is not the question of emancipation doing well enough now?" I replied it was. "Well," said he, "I have never done an official act with a view to promote my own personal aggrandizement, and I don't like to begin now. I can see that emancipation is coming; whoever can wait for it will see it; whoever stands in its way will be run over by it."

In spite of the pressure and threats of the Committee of Seventy, Lincoln, when he answered their letter on October 5th, yielded to none of their demands. He would not remove General Schofield. He would not discharge the enrolled militia. He closed his letter refusing their requests with a few of those resolute sentences of which he was capable when he had made up his mind to do a thing in spite of all opposition:

"I do not feel justified," he said, "to enter upon the broad field you present in regard to the political differences between Radicals and Conservatives. From time to time I have done and said what appeared to me proper to do and say. The public knows it all. It obliged nobody to follow me, and I trust it obliges me to follow nobody. The Radicals and Conservatives each agree with me in some things and disagree in others. I could wish both to agree with me in all things, for then they would agree with each other and would be too strong for any foe from any quarter. They, however, choose to do otherwise; and I do not question their right. I, too, shall do what seems to be my duty. I hold whoever commands in Missouri or elsewhere responsible to me and not to either Radicals or Conservatives. It is my duty to hear all, but at least I must, within my sphere, judge what to do and what to forbear."

There was no mistaking this letter of Lincoln. It told the radicals not only of Missouri, but of the whole North, that the President was not to be moved from his emancipation policy. Its first effect of course was to stimulate their search for a man to put in his place. At that time—the fall of 1863—Grant was the military hero of the country, and his name began to be urged for the Presidency. Now Lincoln had never seen Grant. Was he a man whose head could be turned by a sudden notoriety? Could it be that, just as he had found the commander for whom he had searched so long, he was to lose him through a burst of popular gratitude and hero-worship? He decided to find out Grant's feeling. He did this through Mr. J. Russell Jones of Chicago a friend of the General.

"In 1863," says Mr. Jones, "some of the newspapers, especially the New York 'Herald,' were trying to boom Grant for the Presidency.* While General Grant was at Chattanooga, I wrote him, in substance, that I did not wish to meddle with his affairs, but that I could not resist suggesting that he pay no attention to what the newspapers were saying in that connection. He immediately replied, saying that everything of that nature which reached him went into the waste-basket; that he felt he had as big a job on hand as one man need desire; that his only ambition was to suppress the rebellion; and that, even if he had a desire to be President, he could not possibly entertain the thought of becoming a candidate for the office, nor of accepting a nomination were one tendered him, so long as there was a possibility of keeping Mr. Lincoln in the Presidential chair. The whole spirit of his letter was one of the most perfect devotion to Lincoln.

"Before this letter reached me, however, President Lincoln telegraphed me to come to Washington. The telegram gave no hint of the business upon which he wished to see me, and I had no information upon which to found even a suspicion of its nature. On my way to the train I stopped at my office, in the postoffice building, and in passing my box in the postoffice I opened it and took out several letters. I put them into my pocket, and did not look at them until after I had gotten aboard the train. I then discovered that one of the letters was from General Grant; it was the letter of which I have already spoken. The circumstance has always seemed to me to have been providential.

"Upon my arrival at Washington, I sent word to the President that I had arrived and would be glad to call whenever it was most convenient and agreeable for him to receive me. He sent back a request for me to call that evening at eight o'clock. I went to the White House at that hour.

"When the President had gotten through with the persons with whom he was engaged, I was invited into his room. The President then gave directions to say to all that he was engaged for the evening. Mr. Lincoln opened the conversation by saying that he was anxious to see somebody from the West with whom he could talk upon the general situation and had therefore sent for me. Mr. Lincoln made no allusion whatever to Grant. I had been there but a few minutes, however, when I fancied he would like to talk about Grant, and I interrupted him by saying:

"'Mr. President, if you will excuse me for interrupting you, I want to ask you kindly to read a letter that I got from my box as I was on my way to the train.'

"Whereupon I gave him Grant's letter. He read it with evident interest. When he came to the part where Grant said that it would be impossible for him to think of the Presidency as long as there was a possibility of retaining Mr. Lincoln in the office, he read no further, but arose and, approaching me, put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"'My son, you will never know how gratifying that is to me. No man knows, when that Presidential grub gets to gnawing at him, just how deep it will get until he has tried it; and I didn't know but what there was one gnawing at Grant.'

*The "Herald" published its first editorial advocating Grant on December 15, 1863. It was headed, "Grant as the People's Candidate."

"The fact was that this was just what Mr. Lincoln wanted to know. He had said to Congressman Washburne, as I afterwards ascertained:

"'About all I know of Grant I have got from you. I have never seen him. Who else besides you knows anything about Grant?'

"Washburne replied:

"'I know very little about him. He is my townsman, but I never saw very much of him. The only man who really knows Grant is Jones. He has summered and wintered with him.' (This was an allusion to the winter I had spent with Grant in Mississippi, at the time Van Dorn got into Holly Springs.)

"It was this statement of Washburne's which caused Lincoln to telegraph me to come to Washington."*

But there were other names than Grant's in the mouth of the opposition. All through the winter of 1863–1864, in fact, the great majority of the Republican leaders were discussing different candidates. One of the men whom they approached was the Vice-President, Hannibal Hamlin. He was a man of strong anti-slavery feeling, and it was well known that Lincoln never had gone fast enough to suit him. Would he accept the candidacy? he was asked. Mr. Hamlin would not listen to the suggestion. Lincoln, he said, was his friend. Their views were not always the same, but he believed in Lincoln, and would not be untrue to his official relation. Not every member of the official family, however, had the same sense of loyalty. Indeed, before the end of 1863, an active campaign for the nomination was being conducted by one of the members of the cabinet, Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Chase had been a rival of Lincoln in 1860. He had gone into the cabinet with a feeling very like that of Mr. Seward, that Lincoln was an inexperienced man, incapable of handling the situation, and that he or Mr. Seward would be the premier. Mr. Seward soon found that Lincoln was the master, and he was great enough to acknowledge the supremacy. But Mr. Chase was never able to realize Lincoln's greatness. He continued to regard him as an inferior mind, and seemed to believe, honestly enough, that the people would prefer himself as President if they could only have an opportunity to vote for him. All through the winter of 1863–1864 he carried on a voluminous private correspondence in the interests of his nomination, and about the middle of the winter he consented that his name be submitted to the people. The first systematic measure in promotion of his candidacy was a circular marked "confidential," sent out by Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, calling on the country to organize in behalf of Mr. Chase. The Secretary hastened to assure Mr. Lincoln that he knew nothing of this circular until he saw it in the newspapers, but he confessed that he had consented that his name be used as a Presidential candidate, and said that, if Mr. Lincoln felt that this impaired his usefulness as Secretary of the Treasury, he did not wish to continue in his position.

Lincoln had known for many months of Mr. Chase's anxiety for the nomination, but he had studiously ignored it. He could not be persuaded by anybody to do anything to interrupt Mr. Chase's electioneering. Now that the Secretary had called his attention to the matter of the circular, however, he replied courteously, though indifferently:

". . . My knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's letter having been made *public* came to me only the day you wrote; but I had, in spite of myself, known of its *existence* several days before. I have not yet read it, and I think I shall not. I was not shocked or surprised by the appearance of the letter, because I had had knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's committee, and of secret issues which, I supposed, came from it; and of secret agents who, I supposed, were sent out by it, for several weeks. I have known just as little of these things as my friends have allowed me to know. They bring the documents to me, but I do not read them; they tell me what they think fit to tell me, but I do not inquire for more. . . .

"Whether you shall remain at the head of the Treasury Department is a question which I will not allow myself to consider from any standpoint other than my judgment of the public service; and, in that view, I do not perceive occasion for a change."

Mr. Chase was free, as far as Lincoln was concerned, to conduct his Presidential campaign from his seat in the cabinet. But the Republicans of his State were not willing that he should do so, and three days after the Pomeroy circular first appeared in print, the Union members of the legislature demanded, in the name of the people and of the soldiers of Ohio, that Lincoln be renominated. There was nothing to do then but for Mr. Chase to withdraw.

Indeed, it was already becoming evident to Lincoln's most determined antagonists in the party that it would be useless for them to try to nominate anybody else. On all sides—in State legislatures, Union leagues, caucuses—the people were demanding that Lincoln be renominated. The case was a curious one. Four years before, Lincoln had been nominated for the Presidency of the United States because he was an available candidate, not from any general confidence that he was the best man in the Republican party for the place. Now, on the contrary, it was declared that he would have to be

* Interview for McClure's Magazine, reported by J. McCan Davis.

LEGEND SCRATCHED ON A WINDOW PANE BY J. WILKES BOOTH, AT MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, AUGUST, 1864.

nominated because he had won the confidence of the people so completely that no candidate would have any chance against him. In four years he had risen from a position of comparative obscurity to be the most generally trusted man in the North. The great reason for this confidence was that the people understood exactly what he was trying to do and why he was trying to do it. From the beginning of his Administration, in fact, Lincoln had taken the people into his confidence. Whenever a strong opposition to his policy developed in any quarter, it was his habit to explain in a public letter exactly why he was doing what he was doing, and why he was not doing the thing he was urged to do. He had written such a letter to Greeley in August, 1862, explaining his view of the relation of emancipation to the war; such were his letters in June, 1863, replying to the Democrats of New York and Ohio who protested against the arrest of Vallandigham for treasonable speech; such his letter to James C. Conkling in August, 1863, explaining his views of peace, of emancipation, of colored troops. These public letters are Lincoln's most remarkable state papers. They are invincible in their logic and incomparable in their simplicity and lucidity of expression. By means of them he convinced the people of his own rigid mental honesty, put reasons for his actions into their mouths, gave them explanations which were demonstrations. They believed in him because he had been frank with them, and because he tried to make matters so clear to them, used words they could understand, kept the principle free from all non-essential and partisan considerations.

Scarcely less important than these letters in convincing the people of the wisdom of his policy were Lincoln's stories and sayings. In February, 1864, just after the popular demand for his renomination began to develop, the New York "Evening Post" published some two columns of Lincoln's stories. The New York "Herald" jeered at the collection as the "first electioneering document" of the campaign, and reprinted them as a proof of the unfitness of Lincoln for the Presidency. But jeer as it would, the "Herald" could not hide from its readers the wit and the philosophy of the jokes. Every one of them had been used to explain a point or to settle a question, and under their laughter was concealed some of the man's soundest reasoning. Indeed, at that very moment the "Herald" might have seen, if it had been more discerning, that it was a Lincoln saying going up and down the country that was serving as one of the strongest arguments for his renomination, the remark that it is never best to swap horses in crossing a stream. Lincoln had used it in speaking of the danger of changing Presidents in the middle of the war. He might have written a long message on the value of experience in a national crisis, and it would have been meaningless to the masses; but this homely figure of swapping horses in the middle of a stream appealed to their humor and their common sense. It was repeated over and over in the newspapers of the country. It was in every man's mouth, and was of inestimable value in helping plain people to see the danger of changing Presidents while the war was going on.

The Union convention was set for June. As the time approached, Lincoln enthusiasm grew. It was fed by Grant's steady beating back of Lee toward Richmond. The country, wild with joy, cried out that before July Grant would be in the Confederate capital and the war would be ended. The opposition to Lincoln that had worked so long steadily dwindled in the face of military success, until all of which it was capable was a small convention in May, in Cleveland, at which Frémont was nominated.

The Union convention met in June. That it would nominate Lincoln was a foregone conclusion. "The convention has no candidate to choose," said the Philadelphia "Press." "Choice is forbidden it by the

previous action of the people." The preliminary work of the convention, seating delegates and framing a platform, was rapidly disposed of. Then on June 8th, after a skirmish about the method of nominating the candidates, Illinois presented the name of Abraham Lincoln. A call of States was immediately taken. One after another they answered: Pennsylvania for Lincoln, New York for Lincoln, New England solid for him, Kentucky solid, and so on through the thirty States and Territories represented; only one dissenting delegation in the entire thirty: Missouri, whose radical Union representatives gave twenty-two votes for Grant. On a second reading of the vote this ballot was changed, so that the final vote stood 506 for Lincoln.

The President took his renomination calmly. "I do not allow myself to suppose," he said to a delegation from the National Union League which came to congratulate him, "that either the convention or the League have concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river, and have further concluded that I am not so poor a horse that they might not make a botch of it trying to swap."

The renomination of Lincoln had taken place when the country and the Administration were rejoicing in Grant's successes and still prophesying that the war was practically over. The developments of the next few days after the nomination put a new look on the military situation. Instead of entering Richmond, Grant attacked Petersburg; but before he could capture it the town had been so reënforced that it was evident nothing but a siege could reduce it. Now the Army of the Potomac in its march from the Rapidan to the James, extending from May 4th to June 24th, had lost nearly 55,000 men. If Petersburg was to be besieged, it was clear that the army must be reënforced, that there must be another draft. The President had hinted that this was possible only a week after his nomination, in an address in Philadelphia at a sanitary fair:

> "If I shall discover," he asked, "that General Grant and the noble officers and men under him can be greatly facilitated in their work by a sudden pouring forward of men and assistance, will you give them to me? Are you ready to march?" Cries of "yes" answered him. "Then I say, stand ready," he replied, "for I am watching for the chance."

A few days later he visited Grant, and rode the lines in front of Petersburg. All that he saw, all the events of the following days, only made it clearer to him that there must be another outpouring of men. His friends besought him to try to get on without it. The country was growing daily more discouraged as it realized that its hope of speedy victory was vain. A new draft would arouse opposition, give a new weapon to the Democrats, make his reëlection uncertain: he could not afford it. He refused their counsels. "We must lose nothing even if I am defeated," he said. "I am quite willing the people should understand the issue. My reëlection will mean that the rebellion is to be crushed by force of arms." And on July 18th, he called for 500,000 volunteers for one, two, and three years.

All the discontent that had been prophesied broke forth on this call. The awful brutality of the war came upon the country as never before. There was a revulsion of feeling against the sacrifice going on, such as had not been experienced since the war began. All the complaints that had been urged against Lincoln both by radical Republicans and by Democrats broke out afresh. The draft was talked of as if it were the arbitrary freak of a tyrant. It was declared that Lincoln had violated constitutional rights, personal liberty, the liberty of the press, the rights of asylum; that, in short, he had been guilty of all the abuses of a military dictator. Much bitter criticism was made of his treatment of peace overtures. It was declared that the Confederates were anxious to make peace, and had taken the first steps, but that Lincoln was so bloodthirsty that he was unwilling to use any means but force.

As July dragged on and August passed there was no break in the gloom. Farragut was threatening Mobile; Sherman, Atlanta; Grant, Petersburg; but all of these three great undertakings seemed to promise nothing but a fruitless slaughter of men. The despair and indignation of the country in this dreadful time all centered on Lincoln. Republicans, hopeless of reëlecting him, talked of replacing him by another candidate. The Democrats argued that the war and all its woes were the direct result of his tyrannical and unconstitutional policy. The more violent intimated that he should be put out of the way. A sign of the bitterness against him little noted at the moment, but sinister in the light of after events, was an inscription found one August morning written on the window of a room in a Meadville (Pennsylvania) hotel. The room had been occupied the night before by a favorite actor, J.

Wilkes Booth. The inscription ran: "Abe Lincoln Departed this Life Aug. 13th, 1864, By the effects of Poison."

In the dreadful uproar of discontent one cry alarmed Lincoln more than all others; this was the revival of the demand that Grant be presented for the Presidency. It was not so much the fear of defeat by Grant that affected him as it was the dread that the campaign would be neglected if the General went into politics. He concluded that he ought to sound Grant again. Colonel John Eaton (now General), a friend of Grant, was in Washington at the time and often with Mr. Lincoln. Referring to the efforts making to nominate Grant, Lincoln asked if the Colonel knew what the General thought of the attempt. No, the Colonel said, he didn't.

"Well," said Lincoln, "if Grant is the great general we think he is, he must have some consciousness of it, and know that he cannot be satisfied with himself and secure the credit due for his great generalship if he does not finish the job." And he added, "I don't believe they can get him to run."

The President then asked the Colonel if he could not go to Grant and find out for him how Grant felt. Colonel Eaton started at once on his errand. Reaching headquarters and being received by the General, he worked his way to the subject by recounting how he had met persons recently in traveling who had asked him if he thought Grant could be induced to run against Lincoln, not as a partisan, but as a citizens' candidate, to save the Union. Grant brought his hand down emphatically on the strap arm of his camp-chair. "They can't do it! They can't compel me to do it!"

"Have you said this to the President?" asked Colonel Eaton.

"No," said Grant, "I have not thought it worth while to assure the President of my opinion. I consider it as important for the cause that he should be elected as that the army should be successful in the field." *

Lincoln's friends took the situation at this period more seriously than he. Their alarm is graphically pictured in the following letter from Leonard Swett to his wife. It was probably written toward the end of August:

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.
*Monday,* , 1864.

*My Dear Wife:* The fearful things in relation to the country have induced me to stay a week here. I go to Washington to-night, and can't see how I can get away from there before the last of the week.

A summary of movements is as follows:

The malicious foes of Lincoln are calling or getting up a Buffalo convention to supplant him. They are Sumner, Wade, Henry Winter Davis, Chase, Frémont, Wilson, etc.

The Democrats are conspiring to resist the draft. We seized this morning three thousand pistols going to Indiana for distribution. The war Democrats are trying to make the Chicago nominee a loyal man. The peace Democrats are trying to get control of the government, and through alliance with Jefferson Davis, to get control of both armies and make universal revolution necessary.

The most fearful things are probable.

I am acting with Thurlow Weed, Raymond, etc., to try to avert. There is not much hope.

Unless material changes can be wrought, Lincoln's election is beyond any possible hope. It is probably clean gone now.*

Lincoln himself had made up his mind that he would be defeated. What would be his duty then? It was so clear to him, that he wrote it down on a slip of paper:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *August* 23, 1864.

This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

A. LINCOLN.†

He folded the slip, and when the cabinet met, he asked the members to put their names on the back. What was inside he did not tell them. In the incessant buffeting of his life he had learned that the highest moral experience of which a man is capable is standing clear before his own conscience. He laid the paper away, a compact with his conscience in case of defeat.

The Democrats had deferred their national convention as long as possible, hoping for a military situation which would enable them to win the people. They could not have had a situation more favorable to their plans. But they miscalculated in one vital particular. They took the despair of the country as a sign that peace would be welcome even at the cost of the Union, and they adopted a peace platform. They nominated on this platform a candidate vowed to war and to the Union, General McClellan. So unpopular was the combination that General McClellan, in accepting the nomination, practically repudiated the platform.

But at this moment something further interfered to save the Administration. Sherman captured Atlanta, and Farragut took Mobile Bay. "Sherman and Farragut," said

* Interview with General Eaton for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

* This letter, hitherto unpublished, was kindly loaned by Mr. Leonard Herbert Swett of Aurora, Ill.

† "Abraham Lincoln: A History." By Nicolay and Hay.

Seward, "have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago nominations." If they had not quite done that, they had at least given heart to Lincoln's supporters, who went to work with a will to secure his reëlection. The following letter by Leonard Swett shows something of what was done:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *September* 8, 1864.

*My Dear Wife:* There has never been an instance in which Providence has kindly interposed in our behalf in our national struggles in so marked and essential manner as in the recent Union victories.

You know I had become very fearful before leaving home. When I arrived in New York, I found the most alarming depression possessing the minds of all the Republicans, Greeley, Beecher, Raymond, Weed; and all the small politicians without exception utterly gave up in despair. Raymond, the chairman of the National Committee, not only gave up, but would do nothing. Nobody would do anything. There was not a man doing anything except mischief.

A movement was organizing to make Mr. Lincoln withdraw or call a convention and supplant him.

I felt it my duty to see if some action could not be inaugurated. I got Raymond, after great labor, to call the committee at Washington three days after I would arrive here, and came first to see if Mr. Lincoln understood his danger and would help to set things in motion. He understood fully the danger of his position, and for once seemed anxious I should try to stem the tide bearing him down. When the committee met, they showed entire want of organization and had not a dollar of money.

Maine was calling for speakers. Two men were obtained, and I had to advance them a hundred dollars each to go.

The first gleam of hope was in the Chicago convention. The evident depression of the public caused the peace men to control that convention, and then just as the public began to shrink from accepting it, God gave us the victory at Atlanta, which made the ship right itself, as a ship in a storm does after a great wave has nearly capsized it.

Washburne, of Illinois, a man of great force, came, and he and I have been working incessantly. I have raised and provided one hundred thousand dollars for the canvass.

Don't think this is for improper purposes. It is not. Speakers have to be paid. Documents have to be sent, and innumerable expenses have to be incurred.

The Secessionists are flooding the Northwest with money. Voorhees and Vallandigham are arming the people there, and are trying to make the draft an occasion for an uprising. We are in the midst of conspiracies equal to the French Revolution.

I have felt it my solemn duty under these circumstances to stay here. I have been actuated by no other motive than that of trying to save our country from further dismemberment and war. People from the West, and our best people, say if we fail now the West will surely break off and go with the South. Of course that would be resisted, and that resistance would bring war.*

All through September and October the preparation for the November election continued. The loyal governors of the North, men to whom the Union cause owed much more than has ever been fully realized, worked incessantly. The great orators of the Republican party were set at work, Carl Schurz even giving up his opportunity in the army to take the platform, and many an officer and private who had influence in their communities going home on furloughs to aid in electioneering. The most elaborate preparations were made for getting the vote of every man, most of the States allowing the soldiers to vote in the field. Where this was not arranged for, the War Department did its utmost to secure furloughs for the men. Even convalescents from the hospitals were sent home to vote.

In this great burst of determined effort Lincoln took little part. The country understood, he believed, exactly what his election meant. It meant the preservation of the Union by force. It meant that he would draft men so long as he needed them; that he would suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and employ a military tribunal, whenever he deemed it necessary. It meant, too, that he would do his utmost to secure an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery forever, for the platform the Union convention had adopted before nominating him contained that plank. He could not be persuaded by the cautious and timid to modify or obscure this policy. He wanted the people to understand exactly what he intended, he said, and whenever he did speak or write, it was only to reiterate his principles in his peculiarly plain, unmistakable language. Nor would he allow any interference with the suffrage of men in office. They must vote as they pleased. "My wish is," he wrote to the postmaster of Philadelphia, who had been accused of trying to control the votes of his subordinates, "that you will do just as you think fit with your own suffrage in the case, and not constrain any of your subordinates to do other than as he thinks fit with his."

Thus when the election finally came off, on November 8th, there was not a man of any intelligence in the country who did not know exactly what he was voting for, if he voted for Lincoln. What these men thought of him the work of that day showed. Out of 233 electoral votes, General McClellan received twenty-one, 212 being for Lincoln. The opportunity to finish the task was now his.

* This letter, hitherto unpublished, was kindly loaned by Mr. Leonard Herbert Swett of Aurora, Ill.

# THE LONE CHARGE OF WILLIAM B. PERKINS.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," etc.

He could not distinguish between a five-inch quick-firing gun and a nickel-plated ice-pick, and so, naturally, he had been elected to fill the position of war correspondent. The responsible party was the editor of the "Minnesota Herald." Perkins had no information of war, and no particular rapidity of mind for acquiring it, but he had that rank and fibrous quality of courage which springs from the thick soil of Western America.

It was morning in Guantanamo Bay. If the marines encamped on the hill had had time to turn their gaze seaward, they might have seen a small newspaper despatch-boat wending its way toward the entrance of the harbor over the blue, sunlit waters of the Caribbean. In the stern of this tug Perkins was seated upon some coal bags, while the breeze gently ruffled his greasy pajamas. He was staring at a brown line of entrenchments surmounted by a flag, which was Camp McCalla. In the harbor were anchored two or three grim, gray cruisers and a transport. As the tug steamed up the radiant channel, Perkins could see men moving on shore near the charred ruins of a village. Perkins was deeply moved; here already was more war than he had ever known in Minnesota. Presently he, clothed in the essential garments of a war correspondent, was rowed to the sandy beach. Marines in yellow linen were handling an ammunition supply. They paid no attention to the visitor, being morose from the inconveniences of two days and nights of fighting. Perkins toiled up the zigzag path to the top of the hill, and looked with eager eyes at the trenches, the field-pieces, the funny little Colts, the flag, the grim marines lying wearily on their arms. And still more, he looked through the clear air over 1,000 yards of mysterious woods from which emanated at inopportune times repeated flocks of Mauser bullets.

"'Come on,' he shouted."

Perkins was delighted. He was filled with admiration for these jaded and smoky men who lay so quietly in the trenches waiting for a resumption of guerrilla enterprise. But he wished they would heed him. He wanted to talk about it. Save for sharp inquiring glances, no one acknowledged his existence.

Finally he approached two young lieutenants, and in his innocent Western way he asked them if they would like a drink. The effect on the two young lieutenants was immediate and astonishing. With one voice they answered, "Yes, we would." Perkins almost wept with joy at this amiable response, and he exclaimed that he would immediately board the tug and bring off a bottle of Scotch. This attracted the officers, and in a burst of confidence one explained that there had not been a drop in camp. Perkins lunged down the hill, and fled to his boat, where in his exuberance he engaged in

"Perkins flung himself through that hole."

a preliminary altercation with some whisky. Consequently he toiled again up the hill in the blasting sun with his enthusiasm in no ways abated. The parched officers were very gracious, and such was the state of mind of Perkins that he did not note properly how serious and solemn was his engagement with the whisky. And because of this fact, and because of his antecedents, there happened the lone charge of William B. Perkins.

Now, as Perkins went down the hill, something happened. A private in those high trenches found that a cartridge was clogged in his rifle. It then becomes necessary with most kinds of rifles to explode the cartridge. The private took the rifle to his captain, and explained the case. But it would not do in that camp to fire a rifle for mechanical purposes and without warning, because the eloquent sound would bring six hundred tired marines to tension and high expectancy. So the captain turned, and in a loud voice announced to the camp that he found it necessary to shoot into the air. The communication rang sharply from voice to voice. Then the captain raised the weapon and fired. Whereupon—and whereupon—a large line of guerrillas lying in the bushes decided swiftly that their presence and position were discovered, and swiftly they volleyed.

In a moment the woods and the hills were alive with the crack and sputter of rifles. Men on the warships in the harbor heard the old familiar flut-flut-fluttery-fluttery-flut-flut from the entrenchments. Incidentally the launch of the "Marblehead," commanded by one of our headlong American ensigns, streaked for the strategic woods like a galloping marine dragoon, peppering away with its blunderbuss in the bow.

Perkins had arrived at the foot of the hill, where began the arrangement of 150 marines that protected the short line of communication between the main body and the beach. These men had all swarmed into line behind fortifications improvised from the boxes of provisions. And to them were gathering naked men who had been bathing, naked men who arrayed themselves speedily in cartridge belts and rifles. The woods and the hills went flut-flut-flut-fluttery-fluttery-flut-flllluttery-flut. Under the boughs of a beautiful tree lay five wounded men thinking vividly.

And now it befell Perkins to discover a Spaniard in the bush. The distance was some five hundred yards. In a loud voice he announced his perception. He also de-

"An apparitional figure."

cared hoarsely, that if he only had a rifle, he would go and possess himself of this particular enemy. Immediately an amiable lad shot in the arm said: "Well, take mine." Perkins thus acquired a rifle and a clip of five cartridges.

"Come on!" he shouted. This part of the battalion was lying very tight, not yet being engaged, but not knowing when the business would swirl around to them.

To Perkins they replied with a roar. "Come back here, you —— fool. Do you want to get shot by your own crowd? Come back, —— ——!" As a detail, it might be mentioned that the fire from a part of the hill swept the journey upon which Perkins had started.

Now behold the solitary Perkins adrift in the storm of fighting, even as a champagne jacket of straw is lost in a great surf. He found it out quickly. Four seconds elapsed before he discovered that he was an almshouse idiot plunging through hot, crackling thickets on a June morning in Cuba. Sss-s-s-swing-sing-ing-pop went the lightning-swift metal grasshoppers over him and beside him. The beauties of rural Minnesota illuminated his conscience with the gold of lazy corn, with the sleeping green of meadows, with the cathedral gloom of pine forests. Sshsh-swing-pop! Perkins decided that if he cared to extract himself from a tangle of imbecility he must shoot. The entire situation was that he must shoot. It was necessary that he should shoot. Nothing would save him but shooting. It is a law that men thus decide when the waters of battle close over their minds. So with a prayer that the Americans would not hit him in the back nor the left side, and that the Spaniards would not hit him in the front, he knelt like a supplicant alone in the desert of chaparral, and emptied his magazine at his Spaniard before he discovered that his Spaniard was a bit of dried palm branch.

Then Perkins flurried like a fish. His reason for being was a Spaniard in the bush. When the Spaniard turned into a dried palm branch, he could no longer furnish himself with one adequate reason.

Then did he dream frantically of some anthracite hiding-place, some profound dungeon of peace where blind mules live placidly chewing the far-gathered hay.

*"Then he told them."*

"Sss-swing-win-pop! Prut-prut-prrrut!" Then a field-gun spoke. "*Boom*-ra-swow-ow-ow-ow-*pum*." Then a Colt automatic began to bark. "Crack-crk-crk-crk-crk-crk" endlessly. Raked, enfiladed, flanked, surrounded, and overwhelmed, what hope was there for William B. Perkins of the "Minnesota Herald"?

But war is a spirit. War provides for those that it loves. It provides sometimes death and sometimes a singular and incredible safety. There were few ways in which it was possible to preserve Perkins. One way was by means of a steam-boiler.

Perkins espied near him an old, rusty steam-boiler lying in the bushes. War only knows how it was there, but there it was, a temple shining resplendent with safety. With a moan of haste, Perkins flung himself through that hole which expressed the absence of the steam-pipe.

Then ensconced in his boiler, Perkins comfortably listened to the ring of a fight

which seemed to be in the air above him. Sometimes bullets struck their strong, swift blow against the boiler's sides, but none entered to interfere with Perkins's rest.

Time passed. The fight, short anyhow, dwindled to prut . . . prut . . . prut-prut . . . prut. And when the silence came, Perkins might have been seen cautiously protruding from the boiler. Presently he strolled back toward the marine lines with his hat not able to fit his head for the new bumps of wisdom that were on it.

The marines, with an annoyed air, were settling down again when an apparitional figure came from the bushes. There was great excitement.

"It's that crazy man," they shouted, and as he drew near they gathered tumultuously about him and demanded to know how he had accomplished it.

Perkins made a gesture, the gesture of a man escaping from an unintentional mud-bath, the gesture of a man coming out of battle, and then he told them.

The incredulity was immediate and general. "Yes, you did! What? In an old boiler? An old boiler? Out in that brush? Well, we guess not." They did not believe him until two days later, when a patrol happened to find the rusty boiler, relic of some curious transaction in the ruin of the Cuban sugar industry. The patrol then marveled at the truthfulness of war correspondents until they were almost blind.

Soon after his adventure Perkins boarded the tug, wearing a countenance of poignant thoughtfulness.

# RUDYARD KIPLING.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

By Charles Eliot Norton.

THE deep and wide-spread interest which the writings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling have excited has naturally led to curiosity concerning their author, and to a desire to know the conditions of his life. Much has been written about him which has had little or no foundation in truth. It seems then worth while, in order to prevent false or mistaken reports from being accepted as trustworthy, and in order to provide for the public such information concerning Mr. Kipling as it has a right to possess, that a correct and authoritative statement of the chief events in his life should be given to it. This is the object of the following brief narrative.

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay on the 30th of December, 1865. His mother, Alice, daughter of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan preacher, eminent in that denomination, and his father, John Lockwood Kipling, the son also of a Wesleyan preacher, were both of Yorkshire birth. They had been married in London early in the year, and they named their firstborn child after the pretty lake in Staffordshire on the borders of which their acquaintance had begun. Mr. Lockwood Kipling, after leaving school, had served his apprenticeship in one of the famous Staffordshire potteries at Burslem, had afterward worked in the studio of the sculptor, Mr. Birnie Philip, and from 1861 to 1865 had been engaged on the decorations of the South Kensington Museum. During our American war and in the years immediately following, the trade of Bombay was exceedingly flourishing, the city was immensely prosperous, a spirit of inflation possessed the government and the people alike, there were great designs for the improvement and rebuilding of large portions of the town, and a need was felt for artistic oversight and direction of the works in hand and contemplated. The distinction which Mr. Lockwood Kipling had already won by his native ability and thorough training led to his being appointed in 1865 to go to Bombay as the professor of Architectural Sculpture in the British School of Art which had been established there.

It was thus that Rudyard Kipling came to be born in the most cosmopolitan city of the Eastern world; and it was there and in its

* This sketch of Mr. Kipling's life was written for the new popular edition of his writings. It is published here in advance by permission of Professor Norton and Mr. Kipling.

neighborhood that the first three years of the boy's life were spent, years in which every child receives ineffaceable impressions, shaping his conceptions of the world, and in which a child of peculiarly sensitive nature and active disposition, such as this boy possessed, lies open to myriad influences that quicken and give color to the imagination.

In the spring of 1868, he was taken by his mother for a visit to England, and there, in the same year, his sister was born. In the next year his mother returned to India with both her children, and the boy's next two years were spent at and near Bombay.

He was a friendly and receptive child, eager, interested in all the various entertaining aspects of life in a city which, "gleaning all races from all lands," presents more diversified and picturesque varieties of human condition than any other, East or West. A little incident which his mother remembers is not without a pretty allegoric significance. It was at Nasik, on the Dekhan plain, not far from Bombay, the little fellow trudging over the plowed field, with his hand in that of the native husbandman, called back to her in the Hindustani, which was as familiar to him as English, "Good-by, this is my brother."

In 1871, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling went with their children to England, and being compelled to return to India the next year, they took up the sorrow common to Anglo-Indian lives, in leaving their children "at home," in charge of friends at Southsea, near Portsmouth. It was a hard and sad experience for the boy. The originality of his nature and the independence of his spirit had already become clearly manifest, and were likely to render him unintelligible and perplexing to whosoever might have charge of him unless they were gifted with unusual perceptions and quick sympathies. Happily, his mother's sister, Mrs. (now Lady) Burne-Jones, was near at hand, in case of need, to care for him.

In the spring of 1877, Mrs. Kipling came to England to see her children, and was followed the next year by her husband. The children were removed from Southsea, and Rudyard, grown into a companionable, active-minded, interesting boy, now in his thirteenth year, had the delight of spending some weeks in Paris, with his father, attracted thither by the exhibition of that year. His eyesight had been for some time a source of trouble to him, and the relief was great from glasses, which were specially fitted to his eyes, and with which he has never since been able to dispense.

On the return of his parents to India, early in 1878, Rudyard was placed at the school of Westward Ho, at Bideford, in Devon. This school was one chiefly intended for the sons of members of the Indian services, most of whom were looking forward to following their father's career as servants of the crown. It was in charge of an admirable head-master, Mr. Cormell Price, whose character was such that he won the affection of his boys no less than their respect. The young Kipling was not an easy boy to manage. He chose his own way. His talents were such that he might have held a place near the highest in his studies, but he was content to let others surpass him in lessons, while he yielded to his genius in devoting himself to original composition and to much reading in books of his own choice. He became the editor of the school paper, he contributed to the columns of the local "Bideford Journal," he wrote a quantity of verse, and was venturesome enough to send a copy of verses to a London journal, which to his infinite satisfaction was accepted and published. Some of his verses were afterward collected in a little volume, privately printed by his parents at Lahore, with the title "Schoolboy Lyrics." All through his time at school his letters to his parents in India were such as to make it clear to them that his future lay in the field of literature.

His literary gifts came to him by inheritance from both the father and mother, and they were nurtured and cultivated in the circle of relatives and family friends with whom his holidays were spent. A submaster at Westward Ho, though little satisfied with the boy's progress in the studies of the school, gave to him the liberty of his own excellent library. The holidays were spent at the Grange, in South Kensington, the home of his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones, and here he came under the happiest possible domestic influences, and was brought into contact with men of highest quality, whose lives were given to letters and the arts, especially with William Morris, the closest intimate of the household of the Grange. Other homes were open to him where the pervading influence was that of intellectual pursuits, and where he had access to libraries through which he was allowed to wander and to browse at his will. The good which came to him directly and indirectly from these opportunities can hardly be overstated. To know, to love, and to be loved by such a man as Burne-Jones was a supreme blessing in his life.

In the autumn of 1882, having finished his course at school, a position was secured for him on the "Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore, and he returned to his parents in India, who had meanwhile removed from Bombay to Lahore, where his father was at the head of the most important school of the arts in India. The "Civil and Military Gazette" is the chief journal of northwestern India, owned and conducted by the managers and owners of the "Allahabad Pioneer," the ablest and most influential of all Indian newspapers published in the interior of the country.

For five years he worked hard and steadily on the "Gazette." Much of the work was simple drudgery. He shirked nothing. The editor-in-chief was a somewhat grim man, who believed in snubbing his subordinates, and who, though he recognized the talents of the "clever pup," as he called him, and allowed him a pretty free hand in his contributions to the paper, yet was inclined to exact from him the full tale of the heavy routine work of a newspaper office.

But these were happy years. For the youth was feeling the spring of his own powers, was full of interest in life, was laying up stores of observation and experience, and found in his own home not only domestic happiness, but a sympathy in taste and a variety of talent and accomplishment which acted as a continual stimulus to his own genius. Father, mother, sister, and brother all played and worked together with rare combination of sympathetic gifts. In 1884, some of the verses with the writing of which he and his sister had amused themselves were published at Lahore, in a little volume entitled "Echoes," because most of them were lively parodies on some of the poems of the popular poets of the day. The little book had its moment of narrowly limited success, and opened the way for the wider notoriety and success of a volume into which were gathered the "Departmental Ditties" that had appeared from time to time in the "Gazette." Many of the stories also which were afterwards collected under the now familiar title of "Plain Tales from the Hills" made their first appearance in the "Gazette," and attracted wide attention in the Anglo-Indian community.

Kipling's work for five years at Lahore had indeed been of such quality that it was not surprising that he was called down to Allahabad, in 1887, to take a place upon the editorial staff of the "Pioneer." The training of an Anglo-Indian journalist is peculiar. He has to master knowledge of many kinds, to become thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the English administration and the conditions of Anglo-Indian life, and at the same time with the interests, the modes of life, and thought of the vast underlying native population. The higher positions in Indian journalism are places of genuine importance and of large emolument, worthy objects of ambition for a young man conscious of literary faculty and inspired with zeal for public ends.

The "Pioneer" issued a weekly as well as a daily edition, and in addition to his regular work upon the daily paper, Kipling continued to write for the weekly issue stories similar to those which had already won him reputation, and they now attracted wider attention than ever. His home at Allahabad was with Professor Hill, a man of science attached to the Allahabad College. But the continuity of his life was broken by various journeys undertaken in the interest of the paper, one through Rajputana, from which he wrote a series of descriptive letters, called "Letters of Marque"; another to Calcutta and through Bengal, which resulted in "The City of Dreadful Night" and other letters describing the little-known conditions of the vast presidency; and, finally, in 1889, he was sent off by the "Pioneer" on a tour round the world, on which he was accompanied by his friends, Professor and Mrs. Hill. Going first to Japan, he thence came to America, writing on the way and in America the letters which appeared in the "Pioneer" under the title of "From Sea to Sea," and in September, 1889, he arrived in London.

His Indian repute had not preceded him to such degree as to make the way easy for him through the London crowd. But after a somewhat dreary winter, during which he had been making acquaintances and had found irregular employment upon newspapers and magazines, arrangements were made with Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for the publication of an edition of "Plain Tales from the Hills." The book appeared in June. Its success was immediate. It was republished at once in America, and was welcomed as warmly on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. The reprint of Kipling's other Indian stories and of his "Departmental Ditties" speedily followed, together with new tales and poems which showed the wide range of his creative genius. Each volume was a fresh success; each extended the circle of Mr. Kipling's readers, till now he is the most widely known

of English authors. The list which follows this sketch gives the dates of his many publications.

In 1891, Mr. Kipling left England for a long voyage to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon, and thence to visit his parents at Lahore. On his return to England, he was married in London to Miss Balestier, daughter of the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier of New York. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling visited Japan, and in August they came to America. They established their home at Brattleboro, Vermont, where Mrs. Kipling's family had a large estate; and here, in a pleasant and beautifully situated house which they had built for themselves, their two eldest children were born, and here they continued to live till September, 1896.

During these four years Mr. Kipling made three brief visits to England to see his parents, who had left India and were now settled in the old country.

The winter of 1897–8 was spent by Mr. Kipling and his family, accompanied by his father, in South Africa. He was everywhere received with the utmost cordiality and friendliness.

Returning to England in the spring of 1898, he took a house at Rottingdean, near Brighton, with intention to make it his permanent home.

Of the later incidents of his life there is no need to speak.

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# THE LUCK OF THE BABE.

BY W. A. FRASER,

Author of "The Eye of a God," and other stories.

WHEN the other fellows in the 100th Hussars bestowed upon Harry Tobyn the artless name of "Babe," they considered that, with full regard to his exuberant innocence, they had let him down with a gentle solicitude worthy of the mess. If he had sulked about it, he would have stepped right into hard training for any trying condition of affairs that might have awaited him in a future state. But he had just the most beautifully oiled temper that ever ran smoothly in any piece of human mechanism. They drew him, and made use of him; they drove cholera out of the camp at Cocowan to the fife and drum of the Babe's laughter; and to the laughter that came from his exploit with an elephant. The elephant had ideas, as elephants always have, and so had the Babe—sometimes. The result was that men who were buried at ten o'clock the next day laughed that day. But this is a story of the Babe and three horses, not of an elephant.

Bear in mind that Tobyn was in the first flush of the glamour of life in India. The ethics of betting, the subtle uncertainty of racing, the perplexing art of knowing just what to do at the right moment, were all tumbling in upon him with the cyclonic violence of a southwest monsoon. He would survive, of course—at least, he likely would; but in the meantime he was in a magic laby-

rinth of tortuous experiences. But he had money, and he shoveled it in.

Well, the three horses were Amir, Rocket, and Pegu. Not one of them belonged to Tobyn; they belonged to men who could almost do the "mango-tree trick." Their names were John, James, and Henry, as they say in the schoolbooks, which will do very well for this tale. They were all entered in the "Railway Plate"—the horses, of course—and men said the betting mill would be a big one. That was, between Amir and Rocket particularly. The "Railway Plate" was a mile on the flat, a distance which suited both horses. Pegu was supposed to lie down and roll over after he had gone a half-mile, for that was his limit—five furlongs at the very outside. The terms of the race called for three starters, and that was really why Pegu had been put in. He was, as it were, a subsidized interest, and being a forlorn runner, a native jockey was thought good enough to pilot him, and much cheaper. That's what Henry, his owner, thought; so he put up Abdul, little better than a stable-boy, who only knew enough to sit in the saddle and let the horse use his own discretion—which, after all, is not such a very bad thing.

Before the race, John, the owner of Amir, took counsel with himself. It would be a near thing between his horse and Rocket—either might win. He could not depend on Amir's winning, but he could upon Rocket's. In fact, he quite convinced himself that Rocket had much the better chance; so, through a friend, he backed the other man's horse heavily. It was a thoroughly sound enterprise, based on obvious principles. But James was not so sure about Rocket winning as was his friend John. He had uneasy qualms about the horse. What if Amir could stay the mile—he was certainly faster than Rocket? It was too risky; he would back the better horse, Amir. So he sent a trusty henchman, who loaded up the willing "bookies" with bets on John's horse, Amir. It was a generous thing to do, this backing of each other's horses; an unselfish thing; and they hid their good under a bushel; did not let the right hand know what the left was doing—said not a word to each other. Of course the result of this steady plunge on the part of the owners caused Amir and Rocket to rule close favorites in the betting. It was *six to five on*—take your choice. Also because of this, and because he really hadn't a ghost of a chance, Pegu glided out in the betting until he was twenty to one.

This was a charming sort of arrangement for the Babe to wander up against. He had a happy faculty of finding intricate combinations of this sort; and his supreme indifference to results and complete faith in his own ability usually ran him hard and fast on the sunken rock. When he asked a friend what he should back, the friend blithely answered, "Amir—nothing else in it." That being so, he felt that he must do something substantial; so he had 1,000 rupees on the horse. It was an exhilarating start, and he whistled cheerfully as he walked around to the front of the stand.

"You are happy," said Captain Lavel, meeting him on the grass promenade.

"Yes," answered Tobyn, "I've just backed the winner—that is to be."

"What's the good thing?" asked Lavel.

"Amir; Grant says he can't lose."

"Now look here," exclaimed Lavel, half angrily, "Grant's an ass. Amir hasn't a thousand-to-one chance. I know him, for I used to own him. He can't stay the distance; seven-eighths is as far as he can get. He'll crack up a furlong from home at the pace Rocket'll set him."

He looked with angry compassion into the face of Tobyn, and the latter drew the toe of his boot thoughtfully across the grass, making Maltese crosses, as though he would force his thought into some sort of shape. Lavel's information had staggered him. What the deuce did Grant mean by putting him on to a horse like that—on to a dead one? Then he remembered that Grant had taken a rise out of him once or twice before. However, evidently Lavel knew about the runners; so he asked, "What shall I do?"

"Why, go back Rocket," advised the Captain. "Play to get even. Back him for 1,000, or enough to pay your losings over Amir. I shouldn't do any more on this sort of a race, if I were you," and he sauntered over to the marquee, for all this talking made him dry.

"This is no end of a fool's game!" muttered the Babe, as he stalked toward the bookmakers to do as his friend had advised. "I can't win, and I am almost certain to lose a little."

He wondered why in the world he wasn't clever enough to think of some scheme to score over Grant and the other fellows who were always putting him on to dead things. The only thing he could do would be to wring some of their necks; but that would be bad form. It meant showing that he had lost

his temper because he got a bit the worst of it; that wouldn't be tolerated in the 100th Hussars. Why the deuce wasn't he clever enough to score? By Jove, it was really aggravating. Then he backed Rocket for 1,000, and felt that he was pretty well back at the beginning again. However, it was better than losing. He didn't mind the money so much as the known fact of his persistency in never picking a winner.

He was in this irregular frame of mind when Larraby spotted him. "Here's sport," muttered the latter to himself; and he heliographed a friend, Dixon, to join him. "What have you backed, Tobyn?" asked Larraby, solicitously.

"Backed them both," answered the Babe, laconically.

"Pegu, and what else?" queried Larraby.

"Pegu be hanged! I haven't touched that crock," he answered, with fine scorn in his voice. "I got on Amir first, thanks to Grant; and then Lavel assured me that he had no chance, and I put a thou' on the Rocket, to save the Amir money."

"Then you'll be just 2,000 out," said Larraby solemnly; "2,000 of her Majesty's rupees—won't he, Dixon?"

"Yes," assented the latter, wondering why he should be forced into his friend's lie.

"How's that?" asked Tobyn, frowning a look into the face of the complacent Larraby.

"Well, neither owner is backing his horse. I know for a fact, because I've been watching; and that means anything you like. Besides, Pegu can run like a streak of blue lightning. He's got a light weight on his back, and he'll get away from them so far they'll never catch him in this heavy going."

"You think he'll win, then?" queried Tobyn.

"Win? Of course he will; he'll walk in. You'd better put 1,000 on him, and make a haul; he's twenty to one. Have a plunge. At any rate you'll have backed the three of them, and must get a winner."

"What did you do that for?" asked Dixon, as they turned away from Tobyn. "You know Pegu was only put in to make up the race."

"Oh, he's fair game," answered Larraby, lightly. "I like to see him dropping his sov's about. I'll tell this down at the mess to-night—how the Babe backed all the horses in a race and expected to win."

The more Tobyn thought it over, the more it occurred to him that he ought to back Pegu. If he didn't and the latter won, by Jove, he'd have backed two losers out of three runners. Great Rama! they *would* laugh at him; he'd never hear the last of it. Also he'd lose 2,000—1,000 over each of the horses. If he backed Pegu now, he could only lose 1,000—he must find the winner then, as Larraby had said. And, of course, if Pegu won, he'd win 20,000. He'd do it. So he had 1,000 on "the outsider" at twenty to one.

The bookmaker chuckled softly to himself when he booked the bet. "That's 1,000 out of the fire," he said. "The other two are running for each other; this is my profit." If the gods would only send him a few more rich young asses like the Babe, he'd soon quit the game.

Then the true fun began; for it was really more comedy than race. Jockey Blake rode Amir, and "Scotty" Lewis was on Rocket. Now bear in mind that Amir's owner had backed Rocket, and Rocket's owner had backed Amir, and that jockeys generally receive explicit instructions from their owners, before they go out, as to how they are to ride the race,—always on the square, my masters. Blake thought that a bad start would suit him capitally; Scotty meant to get away absolutely last; three or four lengths the worst of the start would be a good excuse for having been beaten.

Abdul couldn't understand it. The few minutes at the starting-post had always been more or less of a nightmare to him; the sahibs used such bad language and jostled so. He had always started at the tail end of the procession, leaving the front seats to the jockey sahibs. Now they told him to move up in front, and were deuced polite to each other—most sacrificing in keeping their horses in the background, out of the other fellow's way. The sahibs were a mighty queer lot anyway, Abdul thought; quite mad, all of them.

When the flag fell, Abdul cut out the running with Pegu at a furious clip. He would stay in front of the sahibs as long as he could. Blake took a pull at Amir's head. "What are you waiting for?" called out Scotty on Rocket.

"I thought it was a false start," answered Blake, "seeing you hanging back there."

"Oh, the start's all right," said Scotty angrily. "Go on!"

"All right, come along then," yelled Blake, letting go of Amir's head a little.

They were only cantering; and all the time the iron-gray Pegu, with the black boy on his back, was slipping away from them.

People in the stand, seeing the state of things, thought it was a false start, and bantered cheerfully over the idiocy of the native boy, Abdul. "It doesn't make any difference," some one said; "Pegu had no chance anyway."

Tobyn saw the gray opening up a wide stretch of country between himself and the other two horses, and going up to Larraby, congratulated him upon his perspicacity. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you're a good one at picking them. They'll never catch Pegu now. I suppose you've backed him yourself?"

Larraby's face was a study; but the Babe didn't notice this; he never explored faces.

Down on Amir, Blake was swearing softly to himself. At last he spoke. "Why don't you go on, Scotty? Can't you see that native slipping away from us? He's got twenty lengths the best of it now."

"I'm ridin' 'cording to orders," answered Scotty, sulkily. "Go on yourself."

"Did the old man order you to throw the race away?" queried Blake, petulantly, wrenching at Amir's mouth.

"He told me not to throw it away makin' the runnin' fer you."

While they wrangled, and their horses jumped sideways, like a lady's palfrey, because of their noses being pulled down on their chests, Abdul was stealing away into the distance like a soft, gray shadow. Luckily for him, he never looked back in any race so long as he was ahead, but kept pegging away, like a true native. All the time he thought the sahibs were at his heels, ready for a surging rush as they swept into "the straight." And into "the straight," and still no sign of the sahibs. What if his mount should win! He had put ten rupees on him with the bookmakers. The odds, twenty to one, had tempted him; besides, was it not the horse he was going to ride—and had he not ten rupees of confidence in himself?

A serious problem had opened up for the other two boys to consider. Because of astral communication, Blake knew that his employer would win if Rocket won; and Scotty also knew that Amir's winning would benefit his master. Also were the jockeys in the same boat, because of arrangement. Then the third factor in the problem appeared, or, in point of fact, was disappearing—the native boy on Pegu. Blake saw this, and realized that he would have to, at least, save second money. If Rocket would not go on, he would; so he set sail for the leader. Scotty followed. They made up ground rapidly, but the gray hung on surprisingly. Would they ever catch him?

In the stand the excitement was terrific. Nobody had backed Pegu—nobody but the Babe. It was the stand against the Babe; the fast horses against the dead one; the jockeys against the native boy. It was tragically unique, this race of the wise men against the lambs.

Jump by jump Amir and Rocket reduced the lead the gray outcast had. Abdul could hear something coming now—something thundering along behind him; still far enough away so that he need not pull out, as he had always done. It was not far to the winning-post—would the gray last? He thought of the 200 rupees he would win, and swore by Allah that he would give half of it in charity, if Allah would only breathe into the nostrils of the gray and fill his lungs with strength. The two jockeys were riding for second place now; that was about all they could see in it. The stand, mad with excitement, thought they were riding to win; thought it was either rare horsemanship, this waiting race, or else sheer stupidity. If the native won, it would be stupidity; if either of the jockeys won, his backers would label it "splendid horsemanship."

It *was* stupidity. As the gray just tottered under the wire first, the other two finished like lions, nose and nose, in a dead heat for second money. Then pandemonium broke loose in the stand. All the backers' money was burned up. No, not all! Babe Tobyn had 18,000 to draw out of the flames. There he stood, the only winner among all those clever racing men—the Babe.

Imagination needs no word-prick to picture what the owners of Amir and Rocket thought and said. Down at the mess that night there was no hilarity when Babe Tobyn walked in; only the hush of awe. Such luck as that clearly indicated the finger of Allah. He had passed through his novitiate, and they were abashed.